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J. Henderson

MEMORIALS

OF

JAMES HENDERSON, M.D.,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, EDINBURGH;
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NORTH CHINA BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY;

MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
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To

Those who loved him in England and Shanghai,

These Memorials

of their friend are dedicated.

PREFACE.

AMONG Dr Henderson's papers the following sketch of his early life was found. It was his intention to have completed and published it, had he been spared to return to England in 1867; and the knowledge that he hoped it might be useful, has made the fulfilment of his design a sacred duty.

The portrait has been completed, of which the outline was simply and faithfully drawn.

It has been part of the solace of a deep sorrow to be permitted to arrange these brief memorials of one whose zealous and successful devotion to a noble profession was all the more striking from the unusual difficulties surmounted, and the singleness of eye and heart with which cultivated ability and scientific attainment were consecrated to missionary service.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, ... 1

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE, ... 51

CHAPTER III.

SHANGHAI, ... 77

CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND, ... 105

CHAPTER V.

EARNEST WORK, ... 131

CHAPTER VI.

EARTH EXCHANGED FOR HEAVEN, ... 189

CHAPTER I.

Autobiography.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

In a little cottage on a bleak moor in the north of Scotland, and distant more than a mile from any other dwelling, a young widow might have been seen sitting down to rest herself, half an hour past midnight on the 11th of December 1832.

Three days previously such a violent snow-storm had set in, that in less than twenty-four hours after its commencement all the roads in the district were impassable, except for man. Three hours ago, that little family circle has been visited by one who spares neither prince nor peasant, and who has taken away its head. Nor is this the first breach he has made in the household, for eighteen days only have passed since he carried off the youngest member, a boy nine months old; and now a widow is left, with three children, all but destitute, with little, even, to supply their immediate wants. God help them! He who now lies in the arms of Death was an honest and industrious labouring man, earning his living and that of his family by the sweat of his brow. He had married young, and is now but

thirty-one, and he and his wife have had quite enough to do, sometimes, to supply their children with bread. Ten weeks before this time, he ruptured a blood-vessel in the lung, and lost so much blood then, and on subsequent occasions, that four days ago his case was considered hopeless by the surgeon who visited him. Two or three kind neighbours came to render what help they could, till the violence of the snow-storm prevented them, with one exception, from reaching the dwelling, and save for this assistance the widow has had to watch alone.

On the afternoon of the day on which her husband died he said he felt better, and it was hoped, as night drew on, he might have some refreshing sleep. Towards six o'clock, however, when darkness set in, and the storm raged in all its fury, a decided change took place; the breathing became quick and shallow, the countenance pinched and sunken, and in broken and all but inarticulate whispers he called his wife, and told her that he was about to leave her —that he should pass through the dark valley that night, but that God, who feeds the young ravens when they cry, would take care of her, and provide her and the children with bread. The night was so stormy that no help could be obtained, and at nine o'clock the spirit took farewell of the frail tenement.

No burst of grief is heard at that humble fireside; the widow is calm and self-possessed; she is very pale, and a close observer might notice, under her

quiet manner, a current of grief too deep to be fathomed—too broad to overflow. She has to busy herself till half-past twelve o'clock, when, for the first time, she is able to gather her children around her, and try to explain to them what has happened. For the last five or six hours they had sat silently round the dying embers, conscious that something unusual was going on. The eldest girl, seven years old, evidently understands the sad event; the second, five, knows only enough to make her ask many questions; while the youngest child, a boy scarcely three, has crept to a quiet corner, where he sleeps as soundly as any healthy, happy child ever slept; and as the mother looks at him, lying so calmly amidst the storm without and the sorrow within, she, who had gone through the last trying hours with so much fortitude, can bear up no longer, but "bursts of sorrow gush from either eye." She now begins in some measure to realise her position; the thought that she is now a widow comes up in all its power. She remembers that she and her children are utterly unprovided for—that bread is very dear, and she has little to purchase it with; and at such a season of the year—in such a wilderness, what could she do? what effort could she make? Her situation was sad enough, and her prospects dark enough; but she knew where to go for comfort—even to Him who is "a very present help in time of trouble." She remembered that God, who does all things well, caring for all His creatures, has a special regard for the

widow and the fatherless, and that, though "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." She put her children to bed, and then, with her Bible in her hand, sat down beside the body of her husband, and the long night of sorrow was spent in seeking comfort from that Word which has the same promises for rich and poor.

In the 23rd and 46th Psalms, the 14th of John, the 12th of Luke, and the 8th of Romans, she found consolation, as if fresh from the throne of God; and thus, having spent the night with Him, now her only Friend, He speaking to her by His word, and she to Him by prayer, the morning slowly dawned on the solitary watcher, calm and pure, for the snow had ceased to fall, the wind had ceased to blow, and as far as the eye could reach from the little cottage window, nothing could be seen for miles around but purity and whiteness. With the morning came one or two kind friends, when it was arranged to make preparations for the funeral.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the sleeping child in the corner is the subject and writer of the present narrative.

Many kind friends came long distances to see and to sympathise with my mother in her great sorrow, and there was scarcely one for many miles around who was not present at the funeral. The snow was very deep, and, as the burying-ground was four miles distant, it was no easy matter to reach it.

In the month of March following, my mother removed to a small cottage kindly offered by a farmer in the neighbourhood, and there, for two years, she kept herself and her children by doing such work about the farms as she could find, teaching my sisters and myself to read, and hearing us repeat in the evening the portions of Scripture and questions in the Shorter Catechism which she had assigned to us during the day; and this she never omitted, though tired enough after working from six o'clock in the morning. These two years were, I think, the season of her most severe trial; and many years after, I have heard her say, that frequently she had come home at night and found she had so little food in the house, that, though weary and hungry, she went supperless to bed, and often set out in the morning with only a crust and a cup of water to sustain her. At the end of two years she went to live with her father, who rented a small croft in the district, his wife having died a short time previously. Here, although she worked hard, she seemed to feel her burden lighter, as my grandfather took such care of my sisters and myself. I became exceedingly fond of him, for, although he was a very strict disciplinarian, he was very kind to me.

Before I was seven years old, he made me read whole evenings to him in the Books of Kings and Chronicles, and in Proverbs. He took special delight in the histories of David and Solomon; and although he could not read a word himself, (I do

not think he knew a letter of the alphabet,) yet he could correct me the instant I said a wrong word, or put one name in the place of another. He was a very intelligent man, and his opinion was often sought by the people around him whenever they had anything important to decide, and often would two or three neighbours come and spend the winter evenings with him. He had an excellent memory, and had travelled much in the Highlands of Scotland in his youth, and had many traditional stories, which he was fond of relating. On some of these occasions he would bring me from the quiet corner where I always sat, close by him, with my old Bible on my knee, and make me read a few verses from his choicest passages, either about the prowess of Samson or the wisdom of Solomon. At other times he made me sing some historical ballad connected with the "Clans." He belonged to one himself, and when I came to an exploit or deed of daring performed by his own clan, I could see his eye kindle, and he was always pleased if I put more than usual emphasis on these passages.

I lived with my grandfather three years, when he died from a disease from which he had suffered for more than fifteen years; his constitution was strong, but he had latterly shown symptoms of failing health. He seemed to have a natural antipathy both for doctors and drugs, for he would never hear of either, though his sufferings were extreme. He would not even see a surgeon till about three weeks

before his death, when it was too late to take any decided measures to cure him. He died in December 1838, at the age of fifty-six. I felt his loss very much, and followed him to the grave with many tears.

The little croft now belonged to my mother. She married about this time a very excellent man, but quite as poor as herself, and I continued to work about the little farm. No one ever seemed to think of sending me to school. My late grandfather and all my friends thought I had quite enough education when I could read my Bible. Writing and arithmetic were considered quite unnecessary in that part of the country, and it was never supposed that I should require either. I was kept busy all the summer, and in winter I amused myself with shooting hares and rabbits, or rather trying to do so. Game was very abundant in the neighbourhood, and the laws were not strictly enforced. I was allowed to carry an old gun, but it only condescended to go off on certain occasions, so that I did not much damage the game; more especially as I was often entirely destitute of ammunition, and, to save the little I sometimes had, I usually put in but half charges. In this manner I would wander over the hills for days together, and thought I was fortunate if, after a fortnight's walking in the snow, I knocked over a hare. After some time I acquired considerable skill as a sportsman, and, had I possessed a good gun, should have been rather formidable. I trust I shall not be misunderstood in

this matter, for at this time I had no idea, nor had any one in the neighbourhood, that I was doing anything wrong, and the same feeling still prevails, although in a less degree than twenty years ago. There was no church, no clergyman, no school or schoolmaster, and no magistrate within a distance of five miles from where I lived, and in such a place, among such people, every man is a law to himself. Nothing seems to regulate his conduct except his own judgment and sense of right and wrong, (which is not always very clear,) and the opinion of his neighbours. Whenever there was a disturbance, which was very seldom, people never thought of appealing to the civil power, they always took the law into their own hands, and the poor offender often found that such a summary system of laws was not the most lenient for his person, if perhaps more sparing for his purse. Feeing-markets were the usual places for punishing any offender who had made himself disagreeable to the community, especially before the excellent system was introduced of sending policemen to preserve order. In 1858–9, when I last visited this district, I found decided improvement in many important matters, especially in having one day-school and two or three Sunday-schools, all in a tolerably prosperous state, established in places where I am convinced that, ten years before, they would either not have been tolerated, or would have been laughed at as absurd innovations. My only studies at this time were committing to memory psalms, and hymns,

chapters of the Bible, and the catechism, and reading the stories that were occasionally brought round by travelling hawkers. I learnt at this time with great facility, and often do I now regret that so much precious time was lost when I might have been storing my mind with useful knowledge, and training it to habits of acuteness and application. But it was the fixed idea of people in those parts, that every man should live and die as his father had done; and living amongst these people, and imbibing their sentiments, it may easily be imagined my mind was exceedingly contracted; I had the most absurd notions about the most common things, both of society and the world in general. I was in utter ignorance of the world, both physically and morally, for no one for miles around had any book on history, geography, or science. Indeed, I never heard of India or China till I was more than sixteen years old. I had heard of Napoleon Bonaparte and France, but had no idea whether France or England was nearest to the place where I lived, or that there was any water between the two. I knew nothing about kings and queens, or the constitution of my country; indeed, till I was sixteen years old, I never was ten miles distant from my birthplace. I had during these years an unaccountable aversion to strangers and strange places, and an especial horror of towns and cities, as well as of their inhabitants. I was led to believe that all the bad and worthless people found their way to the cities, and in short that every honest man, and, above all, every

countryman, should keep as far from them as possible. My mind was at this time largely tinged with superstition, so lamentable was the ignorance which prevailed among the people of that Highland glen. So many strange noises were heard, so many frightful sights seen, and so many harrowing stories were told of awful and supernatural objects by the old sages of the district, that the mind of the boldest youth was sure to be influenced; and if not frightened, a shadow of mystery and doubt was cast over his spirit. There was scarcely an old woman in the neighbourhood who did not believe in the omnipotence of witches; and there were very few indeed but could tell, with the most grave belief, of occasions when their cow was under the awful spell of witchcraft, and of the means used, some of them absurd enough, to break the spell. A few years before my time, matters of this sort had gone so far, that one or two old women were tried and condemned for witchcraft, and one was actually taken to an open moor and tied to a stake with straw and wood about her, and amid the frantic shout of a maddened multitude was consumed to ashes; and the old people related, with great solemnity, how dreadfully black and unnatural was the smoke that issued from the burning pile. When I was last in the neighbourhood I was very anxious to hear if the same things were believed. I found the young people were sceptical, but afraid to speak boldly or with decision on the subject; but their elders, and especially the old women, clung to their superstitions, and I tried in

vain to convince one or two how utterly unfounded was their faith in the old stories. I could only rejoice that the time for burning witches had long passed, and as education comes in, they, and all of that ilk, will die out.

Such were the people among whom my early years were spent. How largely I was influenced by them let any one judge who knows anything of the human mind, and how easily it is impressed in youthful days; let it be remembered that, apart from my Bible and catechism, I had only stories, such as "Jack the Giant Killer" and the "Forty Thieves." I spent much of my time alone, my only company through the day being a fine collie dog, who was exceedingly fond of me. He was always by my side, and I often thought I should never care for a better companion or truer friend. My mother was very particular about the way in which we kept the Sabbath, and trained us from earliest infancy to keep it holy. I would read no book on that day but the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, and many a happy Sabbath afternoon did I spend with no companion but these books and my faithful dog, having wandered far away from the cottage and sat down beside a little rivulet or mountain spring. Here I read for hours in the Gospels, or the Book of Revelation, or Genesis, and committed many portions to memory. I had special pleasure in learning the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of John, and the chapters concerning our Lord's sufferings and death, over which I often shed tears, when

my poor dog, lying at a little distance, would see that something was amiss, and instantly come with the greatest concern in his looks, licking my hand, and doing all in his power to comfort me.

Dull and monotonous as my life may seem at that period, yet I cannot look back upon it without much thankfulness and gratitude to God. I had the greatest love and reverence for my mother; whatever she said, I most firmly believed was right, and whatever she intimated I ought to do, I was only too glad to do it. Nothing could give me greater pain than to think she was displeased with me; nor can I recall to this day one single act of disobedience to her, thank God! Amid all her severe trials I never saw her much cast down, or if for a few moments she gave way to grief, she was most anxious that her children should never see or know it. Habitually cheerful herself, she had a happy facility of lifting sorrow from the hearts of others, and none could be long in her company without feeling their burden lighter, and their hearts comforted. She would say, "Bear a little longer, this trial will not be lost, you will yet see that it was wisely sent. Trust in God; wait patiently for the Lord." She had taught me to read and reverence the Word of God; she had largely stored my mind with passages from it, and with many psalms and hymns; she had taught me to pray, and of all her lessons these seemed to be uppermost, "Fear God, and keep His commandments." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." And among her

last words to me were these, words that can never be effaced from my memory—that sounded in my ears as I stood on the margin of her grave with my heart like to burst before the cold earth covered up her coffin, and I almost prayed to God to let me down beside her,—words that have often set me right when inclined to leave the path of duty—that I have found verified in my daily and hourly experience,—words that should be written in letters of gold, and engraved with the point of a diamond on the heart of every young man: "NEVER FORSAKE GOD, AND HE WILL NEVER FORSAKE YOU."

Such was the dear mother whom I was very soon to lose, the heaviest loss I have ever sustained, the greatest trial I have ever known; her price to me was above rubies. On the 8th of October 1843, after being in delicate health for a short time before, she was attacked by severe shivering, followed by fever and prostration. From the first day she said she was sure she should not recover, and after enduring much suffering she died on the 16th of the same month of that most trying, most unmanageable disease, Pyæmia. I was not yet fourteen years old, but such a loss almost paralysed me. I felt I had lost all I cared for, or cared to live for. Three days afterwards I followed her to the grave, and with feelings that can never be described saw her body laid in its last resting-place. I felt that now I was alone in the world, that for the future I must think and act for myself; an indescribable feeling of loneliness and isolation came over me, and I was ready

to sink under its weight. I stayed about the grave till every one was gone, and in the evening walked home alone, a distance of about four miles, full of sorrow and sad thoughts. I went to bed, and spent the first part of the night in prayer, and I felt myself more in the presence of God and nearer to Him than I had ever done before. I felt He heard every word I uttered, and soon had the strong assurance that now, since my father and mother were dead, the Lord would take me up, and after some time I felt my sorrow lighter, and thinking of God's promises, and trying to make them my own, I fell asleep.

Although I still felt the loss of my mother very deeply, yet I found great comfort in the Word of God, and never after did I experience the same sense of desolation as on the night of her funeral. I had the fullest confidence that God would take care of me; and since then this confidence has scarcely ever left me for a moment, although I have often grieved His Holy Spirit, and proved myself unworthy of His watchful care and love.

My stepfather was very kind to me; he seemed to feel his loss as much as I did. I remember he constantly read "The Afflicted Man's Companion," which a neighbour had lent him. Soon after, it was considered best for me to hire myself to some farmer, as I was not required at home, and I should thus have my food, and perhaps earn some wages.

My stepfather went with me to a feeing-market

seven miles distant, where I was engaged by a small farmer for six months, at a wage of twenty-five shillings, or rather less than a shilling a week. At this place I had fifteen head of cattle to feed and keep, besides other work; and, in fact, I had so much to do, that, at the end of six months, I was so thin and changed in my appearance that my old friends scarcely knew me. It was a hard-earned twenty-five shillings, but it was the first I had evér won. I had never been so rich before, for the largest sum I ever had was fourteenpence, and this was all I possessed when I first left home, with one suit of half-worn clothes.

I had resolved to have another master long before the six months were ended, and before my first term expired I was engaged to another farmer for thirty-five shillings for half a year. Here I was, on the whole, tolerably happy, and remained till I was sixteen years old, when, happening one day to be in a feeing-market, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man accosted me, and asked me what work I could do. I told him "anything." He then asked if I could groom horses, as he had two, and wanted a smart lad to look after them. He could not afford to give much wages, but a young man who was wishful to improve himself would have ample time and opportunities for doing so. This was the country surgeon. He offered me one pound for six months, which I was pleased to take, for I was tired of farming, and never liked *the* company I was obliged to keep, and

I had no time for reading or learning to write, which I was most anxious to do.

I soon became attached to my new master, and also liked my work much better. The surgeon spoke to the parish schoolmaster, who gave me some lessons in writing and arithmetic, and as I had good and useful books to read, I soon began to find out that the world in which I lived was very different from what I had imagined it to be. In a few months I had learnt to write and spell a little, and do simple sums; but still I did not persevere as I afterwards thought I might have done. My kind master gave me two pounds the next six months, (I remained with him eighteen altogether,) but the last twelve were, I regret to say, the worst spent of my life, for I began to give way to habits of idleness and its usual accompaniments. My daily work did not take up more than one third of my time, and I became the companion of those of whom I ought to have been ashamed. For a time I omitted my religious duties, and often tried to stifle the voice of conscience, but this I found was no easy matter when I was alone. I could do so when in company, but, like many who are further gone in sin than I then was, I was afraid of myself—afraid to trust myself alone. And one who knows anything of the history of youth, with the many temptations peculiar to that dangerous period, would have trembled for me.

I was led on Sunday evenings to attend the ministry of one of the most faithful preachers I ever heard,

the Rev. Mr Nicoll, the congregational minister in the village. He was verily a light shining in a dark place, in a dingy moral atmosphere. This good man, whom I still respect and love, had gathered a few people round him, and preached Christ to them in all faithfulness and fulness. Some of his sermons I shall never forget, more than once he made me tremble, and I do not think I ever heard him preach without forming new resolutions to live a holier life. Every sermon I heard brought me to my knees before I went to sleep; but in the great majority of instances the light of Monday morning broke up my resolves, and as the morning cloud and early dew they passed away. Yet I look upon the preaching of Mr Nicoll as the means, under God, of keeping me from going the lengths in sin I might have done, and preventing my conscience from becoming wholly dead; and I shall ever be thankful for such a good and faithful minister.

At the end of eighteen months I began to think I should like to see a little more of the world, never dreaming that it was dangerous. I believed that my master, whom I had served faithfully, would do all for me that he could, and I resolved to write to him—the first letter I ever wrote—explaining my views, and asking him to assist me. I found great difficulty in the wording of my letter, and although I only filled two pages of a small sheet of paper, I required nearly a whole afternoon to write it. I learnt, *some time after,* that it pleased him greatly, and that

there were very few mistakes, the most glaring being that I entirely omitted to sign my name! Not long after this an advertisement appeared in a country newspaper for "a young man with some experience, as servant under a butler; the most satisfactory references required as to his moral and religious character." My kind master at once answered this, recommending me highly; and I was requested to call, which I did in a few days, at a house thirty miles distant, and was at once engaged.

I shall ever have a grateful recollection of Mr P——, because he was the first man to encourage me, and give me an opportunity of planting my foot on the ladder of advancement; and I cannot look back on his history, his rare talents, his profound professional knowledge, and his kind warm heart, without feelings of admiration and gratitude. He died exactly six months after I left him. He was a fine specimen of a surgeon, as far as personal appearance, firmness, and kindness of disposition were concerned; and often have I wondered how it was that a man of such ability should remain in such a district, doing the work he did, and getting so little for it. But I now believe that his is no uncommon case. I believe there are many excellent surgeons in our country districts, both in England and Scotland, surgeons who might fill efficiently a professor's chair in any of our universities; and the reason why such men continue obscure is, that settling down in a *quiet neighbourhood*, after some time they become

so absorbed in their practice, and every hour is so much occupied, that they have neither time nor inclination to give much attention to the higher branches of the scientific parts of their profession. And if a busy country practitioner is not very careful, he is apt to become rusty in the science of his profession, and fall into routine practice.

My position and circumstances I described in a preceding paragraph, when I entered my new situation at the age of eighteen. It is true I had been acting for myself, and had not known a home for four years; but then I had always been among country people, in a quiet country place, where my conduct was watched and influenced by my neighbours. I had had the trial of this position, and I had broken down under it; I had ceased to be guided by the oracles of God, and I longed for greater liberty and gayer scenes, where I might have more enjoyment. I was in much danger, and I look upon that period as the turning-point in my career, the time when my character was to be formed for good or evil, for I could never be neutral, and when I was to choose what master I would serve for time and for eternity.

It pleased God to direct me to one of the best houses, and to give me for my companion one of the best men I have ever known. My new master, Mr Grant Duff, had a great regard for religion, and was careful to observe all its ordinances, and to recommend and inculcate all its precepts. The whole household was conducted with the greatest order and

regularity, and was very different to what I had ever seen or thought of; and, above all, for to me it was a special blessing, the butler, who had conducted the establishment some twelve years, and into whose hands his master had given everything, was a sincere, single-minded, and most intelligent Christian. He had an education far beyond what is usually found in his sphere, having been educated for the Excise; but the gentleman who was to befriend him having died, he failed to obtain a situation in that department.

He was a thorough English scholar, an excellent arithmetician, could speak and read German well, and knew Latin and French. I have often wondered and regretted that a man of so much intelligence should remain in such an obscure situation. He was a humble Christian, and a high-minded man. He would put himself to any inconvenience to do an act of kindness for the poorest and most unworthy. For young men especially he had the utmost anxiety, and would bring religious matters before them with such delicacy and kindness that he seldom failed to enlist the heart of the hearer; and among all the devoted and excellent men I have known, I never saw a finer or purer example of the follower of Christ.

Like his divine Master, he went about doing good, and the more I knew of his inner life and the workings of his mind, the more I respected and loved him. I have described his life and character, would that I could do him justice, for I owe him a debt of the very deepest gratitude. Under God he became my spirit-

ual father in Christ Jesus; and another reason for alluding to him so fully is, that others may follow his example, and serve God faithfully, whatever their position may be. Let no one be discouraged because it is humble, but strive to serve God, and live to His glory.

After the habits I had formed, I felt the restraint of this quiet household very much. I had left all my rough companions behind me, and I now felt myself in a new and higher atmosphere; and although the change was sudden and decided, and not at all what I expected, yet, on the whole, I was exceedingly pleased. I had often formed resolutions to live a better life, and here I thought was the very place to begin to gain God's favour and work out my own righteousness, prepare myself for heaven, and make myself meet for the inheritance of the saints. I knew the letter of my Bible; but as little of its spirit as of my own heart. I knew that God was good and kind; but I did not know Him savingly as God in Christ reconciling the sinner unto Himself. I had looked on Jesus as a general Saviour, but I had never been able to say, "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*."

I was at once struck with the happy and consistent life of James England, I watched him narrowly, but all was pure and genuine; his holy life spoke volumes to me, and made me feel that there was a reality in religion that I had never known and never attained. He soon found out the state of my mind; and the extent of my knowledge, and that I required instruc-

tion in everything. I could read very well in my own way, but my pronunciation was not suited to the ear of the English scholar; this all required to be revised and corrected, and I found it more difficult to unlearn than I anticipated; but I bought a copy of Walker's pronouncing dictionary and began to study it carefully every spare moment. I soon commenced arithmetic, and with my friend's help persevered in it, so that before long I could do any sum put before me with the greatest readiness.

I had not been long acquainted with James England before I began to reflect seriously, and review in some measure my past life. A very cursory review showed me that I had done the things I ought not to have done, and I became seriously uneasy. However, I reflected that I was not so much exposed to temptation as formerly; and, with such an example before me, I felt pretty confident that I should succeed better than I had yet done in reforming myself. I had very strong faith in the power of the WILL; and I thought if it were well watched and well directed I should go a long way to become acceptable before God. I determined to read and study the Scriptures carefully, to have stated times for prayer, to be diligent in my attendance on public worship, to be faithful and exemplary in my duties, and carefully to take account of every word and action. I had a strange and deep impression that God's eye was ever on me, and that eternal interests hung suspended on the present issue, and I

was fully alive to the vast importance of making my calling and election sure.

In a little note-book, among Dr Henderson's papers, the following rules were found. They were evidently written at this period, or shortly after:—

Rules for the direction of my conduct.

1. Let my first thoughts be devout and thankful. Let me rise early, and immediately return God solemn thanks for the mercies of the night, devote myself to Him, and beg His assistance and blessing on the intended business of the day.

2. In this, and in every act of devotion, let me collect my thoughts, speak devoutly to Him, and never give way to anything internal or external that may draw my affections from heaven to earth.

3. Let me set myself to the reading of the Scriptures every morning. In the first reading let me endeavour to impress my mind with a practical sense of divine things, and then use the help of commentaries—let these rules, with proper alterations, be observed every evening.

4. Never let me trifle with a book with which I have no present concern.

5. Let me never lose one minute of time, or incur unnecessary expense, that I may have the more to spend for God.

6. When my duty leads me from home, let me be desirous of doing good and receiving good, let me at all times have some edifying subject to meditate upon, and endeavour to improve my time with good thoughts as I go along; let me look for opportunities of usefulness to my fellow-travellers, and endeavour to point out the Fountain of living waters to all; let me avoid all trifling, impertinent stories, remembering that imprudence is sin.

7. Let me use great moderation with regard to the gifts of the body, and see that I am not hypocritical in prayers and thanksgivings for them.

8. Let me never delay anything, unless I can prove that another time will be more fit than the present, or that some more important duty demands my immediate attention.

9. Let me often, whether in public or private, be lifting up my heart to God.

10. Never let me enter into long schemes about future events; but in general refer myself to God's care and providence.

11. Let me labour after habitual love and gratitude to God my Redeemer; let me practise self-denial, and never indulge in anything that may prove a temptation to youthful lusts. Let me guard against pride and vainglory, remembering that I have nothing but what I have received from God, and I deserve nothing but the severest punishment.

12. In all my studies, let me remember that the souls of men are immortal, and that Christ died to redeem them, and that I am my brother's keeper as far as my influence and example extend.

13. Let me, whatever I do, do all to the glory of God, and with an eye to the advancement of the Redeemer's cause, and the salvation of the souls of my fellow-creatures.

14. Let me frequently ask myself what duty or what temptation is now before me.

15. Let me remember that, through the mercy of God in the Redeemer, I am on the borders of heaven.

16. Let me frequently examine myself, and compare my conduct with the Word of God.

I was thoroughly in earnest, and my aims were pure and good, but the means which I was employing were inadequate. I had entirely mistaken the path which was to lead me to the goal, and the by-way I had chosen would never have conducted me to it. I entirely forgot who was THE WAY, that by faith alone a man can be justified; that all the work has been already done, and that for His sake who did the work the Lord is well pleased, and is ready to justify sinners. For fifteen long and weary months I struggled to scale the sacred heights of perfection, and discouraged and disappointed, I was inclined to give up

in despair. The more I pressed onwards and upwards, the broader grew the commandment; and with every new effort the law of God seemed to rise in its demands. At last, finding all my efforts vain, in working out my own salvation and obtaining peace and happiness, I determined to speak freely to my friend James England. He appeared delighted to find me inquiring after such matters, and told me much I had not considered before; he advised me also to call on the Rev. Mr G——, the minister of the Free Church of Banff, (where he was a deacon,) and open my mind fully to him. This I did, and from his conversation, and that of Mr England, I found out how mistaken I was in endeavouring to accomplish what was impossible.

Very soon after this I received a letter, written in great haste, telling me that my second sister was dangerously ill in scarlet fever. This was a great shock to me, as four days previously I had seen her in church. Two days after, I heard that she was dead. My state of mind was indescribable. The news came on Saturday, I spent much of the night in prayer, and soon began to see that full acceptance with God and perfect peace of mind could only be found through the merits of another. I began to see my Saviour under a new aspect, under a more personal relationship. I spent much of the Sabbath in meditation and prayer, and that Sabbath evening, at eight o'clock, 22nd of March 1849, I felt the burden of sin fall off my soul. I felt I was washed

in the blood of Christ, and that I became a "new creature in Christ, Jesus."

Some people, some Christians even, may have objections to thus fixing the day and hour of conversion; some may even condemn it. Why so? Why should not a man feel and know the moment of this great change? No doubt there are very many Christians who can tell neither the day nor the hour, nor even the year of their second birth-day—but there are also many who *can;* and in my case I believe it was less strange, as I had been carefully watching my actions, my words, and even my thoughts, for months previously. I was fully convinced at the moment that the great act was accomplished, and all my experience since has tended to prove that it was so. I saw God as a reconciled Father in Christ. I felt a new power and principle in my heart. I felt a joy, a peace, a confidence which I had never experienced before. Religion now assumed a new aspect, and I felt that new motives and aims were to regulate my conduct henceforward. Before this time my chief desire was to secure my own safety and happiness for eternity; but now I felt it must be to glorify God, to live to Him who died for me, to serve Him who suffered for me, and to count all things but loss for His sake. Everything was now reversed. It was no longer "Do and live," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Faith was no longer to follow works, but works were to be the fruit of faith, and I felt that now faith was to work by love. Love

to Christ was to be the ruling principle in my heart. Having passed from darkness to light, I was now to walk as a child of light. Having been raised to a new dignity as an "heir of God," I must walk worthy of my glorious privileges. The Holy Scriptures were to be my standard from which there was no appeal, and having enlisted under a new Leader, who had laid down His life for me, I must surely endure hardness as a good soldier in my Captain's army, and if called upon to do so, most cheerfully lay down my life for His sake.

The first difficulty that I had, after light dawned upon me, was one that is not uncommon. I could not always see that the words of Christ, spoken to His followers, extended to me, or make these promises my own. "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." "My peace I give unto *you*." "I go to prepare a place for *you*." It requires a large portion of the Spirit of God to appropriate to ourselves these "exceeding great and precious promises." Like the majority of God's works in nature, sanctification is progressive; the path widens as the pilgrim advances, the light increases as the traveller proceeds. I had many interesting conversations with my pastor and my friend at this period, all tending to enlighten me in the knowledge of Christ, and build up my faith in Him; and on the last Sabbath of April of the same year I took my seat at His own table to commemorate His dying love. *I did this* with much anxiety and self-exami-

nation, for I felt it was no light matter to declare myself openly a follower of Christ. I felt His eye upon me—I fancied I heard Him whisper, "Lovest thou Me?" That day His presence was with me in a remarkable manner. I felt a peace passing all understanding, a joy that was unspeakable, I sat under His shadow with great delight, I was sure He would never leave me, never forsake me, that He was my Shepherd and I should not want; He was my Guide, and would be so even unto death.

A few months afterwards, I began to think seriously what I could do to promote the glory of God, and to extend my own influence as His servant. I began to ask myself,—Is it possible for me at this comparatively late period of my life, with everything to learn, with neither time nor means—is it possible for me to obtain an education suitable for the ministry? I never thought of anything *below* the established rules and regulations of the Free Church. After some inquiry I learnt that the curriculum of study for the Church was four years' literary study at the University, to be followed by a four years' theological course. This was rather appalling to one who was upwards of twenty years of age, who had never been at school, who had never learnt to study, and who had, moreover, not five pounds in the world!

Still I was not disheartened; I adopted the motto, "Where there is a will there is a way." Difficulties as great had been overcome by others, and why not *by me? And it* was about this time that I began to

think of a principle which it is very hard for most men to adopt—namely, that there is nothing that has ever been accomplished by man in past times or ages which I, as an individual, may not accomplish or perform, provided other things are equal, that is, if I were placed in the very same circumstances as the individual who succeeded in his task.

I was essentially ignorant both of ways and means to accomplish my desires, I spoke to two or three clergymen regarding my intentions, but all seemed very careful not to give me any encouragement. All hinted that what I aimed at was all but impossible. One was ready to bring under my notice this difficulty, another that; and there was one who told me of several excellent young men who gave up their occupations in order to study, but it would not do, and they were obliged to return to their old work and position, having lost health, time, and money, and, worse than all, were so disheartened that they could never hold up their heads again. Rarely did such experiments succeed, and I was advised to remain where I was. In no case could I get the information I desired, namely, what amount of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c., &c., is required before entering the University; what examinations must be undergone, and what was the best way to prepare for them. As to the probable expense of a University education, no one seemed able to enlighten me. One young clergyman gave me one or two in-

stances he had known of young men who, by dogged perseverance, coupled with an iron constitution, had succeeded in gaining educations; but they had to subject themselves to the most trying privations, such as living upon three penny rolls a day, lodging in a garret at eighteenpence a week, and working twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

Such pictures might have cooled the ardour of some aspirants, but they had not the weight of a feather with me; I had evidence that such a thing was possible; it had been done by others, and therefore it *must* be done by me.

I commenced learning English grammar, and the rudiments of Latin at the same time; I had very little leisure, and found the new work slow at first, my mind being unsteady and stubborn for want of training. I learnt all the Latin rudiments when I went out with the carriage, and in the performance of my daily work I often had the book before me. During the first year or two my friend directed my studies; but at last I got beyond him in Latin, and arranged with the parish schoolmaster to give me a lesson for half an hour, two or three times a week. He was very willing to assist me, but I had to walk three miles to his house, and my duties never permitted me to remain more than the brief time I have mentioned; nevertheless, he assured me that I was making tolerable progress, and he, though a young man, was the first to encourage me by saying that if I persevered he *had no doubt* I should succeed. I became at this time

greatly interested in the formation of a Sunday-school in the parish where I lived. There was none within four miles of the church, and large numbers of young people were growing up without religious instruction, except the little they might learn at home. I asked a farmer to allow me the use of his kitchen for two hours on Sunday evening, and this was willingly granted. I called upon a large number of families, and requested them to send their children; and the first evening I had a good attendance. I formed them into a large class, putting the younger on my right, and the elder on my left hand; and a most orderly and attentive circle I had. During the week curiosity was excited about this new movement, and the following Sunday I had not only my former scholars, but their parents; and I took the opportunity of addressing all on the value and privilege of Sabbath-school instruction, and urged upon them the claims of personal religion. Every one seemed pleased, and many assured me I had begun a good work. From that day my school prospered, and was attended by large numbers of young and old; and soon after I left the district that same place became a preaching station of the Free Church, and continues so to the present time.

I remained in this situation five years. Early in the beginning of the fifth I made up my mind to leave, in order to devote my time to study. I told my friend, James England, of my intention, and, strange to say, he most strongly dissuaded me from this idea. My

master also found out my purpose, and declared I must be crazy to think of such a thing; and when the time drew near for me to leave, he was so fully convinced that I should change my mind that he never tried to supply my place. He offered me many inducements to remain, but I was resolute, though, to please him, I stayed a week longer than I intended. I left with much regret the home where I had been so happy for five years; it could scarcely be otherwise, for it was the only home I knew on the earth. I had come to it very inexperienced, ignorant, and poor; I had now acquired much valuable knowledge, I also felt that I was now a little independent, having more money in my pocket than I required; for though I had saved but little after purchasing many books, still, with my economical habits, I felt I had now formed a nucleus that would never entirely disappear, and subsequent events proved that I by no means made a wrong calculation. But, above all, I had come here at a critical period of my life, when, as I have shown, I was in great danger, and here I had found peace and rest through Christ Jesus. When I was leaving, my kind master told me always to look to his house as my home, and whenever I had any leisure to come and spend it there.

I hired lodgings in the little town of Macduff, determined to devote all my energies to the study of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. At first, I thought I would attend the Free Church school; but the first two days there entirely changed my mind, for the

schoolmaster, who had taken some prizes or scholarships at the Normal School, Edinburgh, was the most conceited young man I have ever known. He and I could never get on together, and I told him so; he pitied me, and shook his head, and tried to look wise, and said "he feared I had taken a step in the wrong direction," and "hoped I should get on," and bid me "good day." I went at once to the rector of the Banff Academy, who, though young, was an accomplished scholar; he seemed most willing to assist me, and although he could not teach me himself, he recommended me to one of his assistants, an M.A. of King's College, Aberdeen, who agreed to help me in my studies one hour every evening, and I found Mr P—— all I could desire, both as a teacher and a friend. I shut myself up in my little room all day, working with all my power, went to Mr P—— every evening to have my exercises corrected, returning quickly, and studying till long past midnight. I continued this from the end of November until the following April, teaching also on Sunday in the Sabbath-school. I lived on a most economical scale, my small room was two shillings a week, and my weekly bill for food seldom more than half-a-crown. I only had two meals a day, but notwithstanding this, and the close confinement, I enjoyed excellent health. At the end of five months I determined to go to Edinburgh, though I had neither friends nor acquaintances there. I thought I should have more *opportunities* for acquiring knowledge, and

I was also anxious to find some situation where I should have leisure to prosecute my studies, and at the same time be gaining something. In this it will be seen that God guided me most wonderfully, and far beyond my expectations.

I took a passage in one of the steamers from Banff to Edinburgh, and after a voyage of twenty hours landed at Granton. I took the next train to the city, and in ten minutes found myself standing at the railway station, homeless and friendless, an utter stranger, without the least idea where to go for lodgings.

Every one at a railway station seems too much occupied with his own affairs to have time to devote to others, and the only person I could venture to speak to was a porter, who seemed exceedingly anxious to carry off my large trunk of books. I asked him where he meant to take it, because if he knew, he was wiser than I. He at once assured me that there were plenty of places in Edinburgh capable of containing me and all that I had. He must have seen me look incredulous, for he immediately seemed puzzled, and fixed his gaze upon me as if there was something not yet explained, nor did he seem much relieved when I told him there were very few places in the large city that would suit me, that I was a stranger, and feared I should find it difficult to obtain suitable lodgings. Again he looked at me and my large heavy box, and asked whether my stay would be long or *short,* and whether I should like the Old town or the

New. I said the New, and that I was prosecuting an experiment which was of very great importance both to myself and others, and if matters went on as favourably as they had hitherto done, I should most certainly be successful. In the meantime I wanted a quiet little room where nothing might molest me, and as my experiment entailed much expense and hard work, I must have the lodging at as moderate a rate as possible.

He seemed at once to comprehend my meaning, and, after a little reflection, told me he thought he knew a place that would just suit me; and accordingly we directed our steps to F—— Street, where I engaged the rooms he recommended.

I had brought with me no letters of introduction. I was never offered any, nor had I asked for them, they are of little or no use to one who is still struggling against wind and tide for a position in the social scale. Perhaps it is just as well that it should be so, it tends to keep down presumption, and throws the young man more on his own resources, gives him more confidence in his own inherent powers, teaches him self-reliance, without which no man can ever rise or become great; for how can others have confidence in a man who shows that he has none in himself? And it matters very little what opposition some men have to grapple with in their upward course if they have a strong will, and a cool head, and a steady hand, for the greater the pressure that is brought to bear against them, the more are their energies stimulated,

their determination to rise increased, and their confidence of success doubled.

It almost seems that the first position of such a man is merely accidental, for he never feels at home there, even when he knows no other; but like water which, by the laws of the natural world, will find its own level wherever it is placed, so will such a man, by the laws of the moral world, find his own level, however great the barriers in his way.

I did not bring a letter to any clergyman, preferring to go from church to church, and attend permanently the one I liked best; and after many weeks I decided on Free St John's, where I greatly enjoyed the ministry of Dr Guthrie and Dr Hanna.

Any one who has found himself for the first time a stranger and friendless in the heart of a great city, will remember the peculiar feeling of loneliness and isolation that comes over him as he walks the crowded streets. Among all the various forms that he meets or passes, there is not one he has ever seen before. Strange thoughts take possession of his mind, he feels that he is as nothing. No one seems to see or care for him, he may go where and when he pleases, no one will miss him or inquire after him.

Two years before, I had hurriedly passed through Edinburgh with Mr Grant Duff, and had stayed two hours for dinner at the Caledonian Hotel. On that occasion I had seen and spoken to the proprietor, and I now resolved to call upon him and inquire if he

knew of any situation likely to suit me, in which I should have leisure to prosecute my studies. He was very kind, and promised to help me, and in a few days I received a note requesting me to call on a well-known Writer to the Signet, whom I often met afterwards under different circumstances. I had rather an extraordinary interview with him, as he asked me many curious questions; among others, Why did I attend the Free Church? and what objections had I to the Established Church? And on my telling him that they were twofold—namely, surrendering the power of the keys to the civil magistrate, and the power of introducing a clergyman to a church against the will of the people, he said we need not discuss the subject more, and we parted. Four years after, when I saw him again, he evidently had forgotten that we had ever met, and canvassed such important questions. Two other very good openings I declined, as I could not secure sufficient quiet; but at last I thought I had found the right home in the family of Dr B——. However, I was mistaken, for though he was very kind I could command no time for myself, and I left at the end of a fortnight. This physician's son afterwards became physician to the Royal Infirmary, and one day (two or three years afterwards) when I entered his ward with my stethescope in my hand, and proceeded to take my turn in the examination of a patient, he looked at me very hard, and then shook me cordially by the hand, saying he was very glad to see me, never mentioning where we had last met;

from that time we were excellent friends, and he often flattered me by asking my opinion in any doubtful or disputed case.

Soon after leaving Dr B——, I had the offer of two or three situations; but one person told me I asked too high wages, and another, that she feared "my principles were not sufficiently fixed for such responsibility as I thought of undertaking." I remembered this when, three years after, I sat as a guest at her table; she became one of my most valued friends, but she never knew the advantage I had of her. At times like these I could not but feel grateful to God for His wonderful mercy towards me, and every fresh incident I construed into a token of His future good will and Fatherly care.

Having wandered about for six weeks until God had prepared the place for me, I at length entered a situation so suitable and congenial to me in every way that had I been asked to describe exactly the one I needed I could not have named any more appropriate. I was much struck at the time with the mercy of God, and the more I think of the wonderful arrangement of His providence in this matter, the more I see His merciful Hand in opening the way for me and leading me by a path which I knew not.

The servant of an elderly lady, then in Edinburgh, whom she very much respected, died, after being with her upwards of six years, and the one she chose to succeed him was discharged, after four months' service, for dishonesty. At this time she was staying at the

hotel of my friend Mr Burnett, and she asked him if he knew any one likely to suit her. He immediately sent for me, and I was engaged, receiving higher wages than I had ever dared to ask previously. Nor was this all; as Mrs Ross was constantly living in furnished lodgings, or at hotels, she arranged to pay me board wages, and these were ample, even had my habits been less economical than they really were. She told me I should have very little to do, which I soon found out was quite true. My chief employment being to keep her accounts and post her letters. I soon found in her one of the kindest friends I have ever known. One of her chief delights was to make every one around her happy. She had met with many trials herself, and had experienced bitter sorrow, but she had a warm and generous heart, and no poor creature who sought her help was ever sent away empty. She was ready to drop a tear, and grant substantial help at the recital of every tale of sorrow.

I had not been long in this new home before I began to look out for some one to assist me in the prosecution of my studies. I called on several private teachers before I was satisfied, for even then I was not easily pleased in the selection of my preceptors; and I became still more particular as I advanced in my curriculum. I do not think I could have defined the sort of man I wanted, but I had no difficulty in knowing the right one when I saw him. I first arranged with one to assist me for two hours every evening in the study of algebra and mathematics.

He was one of the strangest men I ever met, living entirely alone, keeping no servant. His mind was rather contracted, but somewhat speculative, he was destitute of energy, but had some originality. He had given a good deal of attention to phrenology and mesmerism, and was most anxious to convince me, as I often provoked him by absolute scepticism. At his urgent request I frequently gave him an opportunity of proving his assertions by experiments upon myself, but I need scarcely say that I never yet felt the least influence of mesmerism. I studied with Mr P—— two years, and made considerable progress in algebra and mathematics, but as he was no classical scholar I had to find a preceptor for Greek and Latin; and after some little trouble and inquiry I succeeded in finding one, suitable in every way.

Mr C—— had been a very energetic and successful teacher in Edinburgh for several years; he was an accurate scholar, an excellent classic, and almost worshipped Herodotus, Homer, and Virgil. He had a large stock of humour, and could tell a story better than any one I ever heard. He agreed to devote an hour every afternoon to correct my exercises and read Greek and Latin with me. This went on for two years, and so pleasantly did I find the hour pass with Mr C——, that after I commenced my medical studies I often spent an hour with him over the Latin poets, and before I was twenty-five years old I could write Latin more correctly than I could write English when I was eighteen.

The two years I spent with Mrs Ross were not passed in idleness, luxury, or self-indulgence. I knew that there was a long, trying, and expensive course of study before me, and consequently I set myself to practise the most rigid economy. For nine months before I left Mr Grant Duff I had subjected myself to take only two meals a day, and had enjoyed excellent health; this plan I carried on at Macduff, and I had now been accustomed to it for fifteen months; I determined to continue it, and every month, when I received my wages and board wages, I deposited all in the bank except ten shillings—namely 2s. 6d per week for my food. But for the benefit of others I may say that it is not *easy* to live on half-a-crown a week in Edinburgh, and I should not like to go through the same course of regimen again; but, like some other men I have heard of, in leading a forlorn hope, I was determined to carry out what I had in view, or perish in the attempt. My motto was, "If I perish, I perish." It may seem rather strange too, that on entering college I took comfortable lodgings, and began to live like other people, and this after submitting myself to comparative fasting for three years.

After being in Edinburgh a few months, I called on two or three clergymen, and told them that I intended to study for the ministry, but the same difficulties were raised as those which had been suggested by all whom I had consulted in the north of Scotland; and there was the same anxiety to dissuade me from

what they called "a very imprudent step." I have not the slightest doubt that these good men gave to the young student that which seemed to them sound advice and good counsel. Eight years of study for a man with scarcely any means of support was, doubtless, in their eyes, a very formidable difficulty. Nor were they aware of the principle of action which, as I have said, had at that time taken so strong a hold of my mind, namely, that whatever has been done may be done again. But I do not think I ought to be blamed if, after finding so little encouragement among those in whom I first sought it, I began to think of transferring my energies from them, to a class whose names I had constantly heard, especially amongst the poor and suffering, associated with feelings of gratitude, and often with a prayer that God would bless and reward them for their kindness and attention. I could scarcely enter a house where there was affliction or poverty but I found that some one had been there, doing all that possibly could be done for the relief of the body, and often did the poor sufferer declare, that but for his kindness he or she would have been dead long ago; and I began to think, here is a large field for usefulness; here are opportunities for doing good, totally unknown in any other calling; here the child of God may absolutely revel in the service of his Lord, and constantly, like his Master, go about doing good; here an avenue may be opened to the hardest heart, whereby the most unpromising and helpless may be reached; here a spark may be

kindled which may gradually glow, and continue to shine, enlightening others, and growing brighter unto perfect day.

It was with feelings of the deepest interest and diffidence that I contemplated the study of medicine. I had always looked upon this profession as involving the most profound responsibility, not by any means confined to the care of the material part of man. I had looked upon it also as peculiarly sacred, and its members as men of the highest order of intellect, education, and social influence among all classes of society, surpassed by none, and equalled by few; and when I had made up my mind to study medicine, and began to read medical text-books, my previous opinions were fully confirmed by the following passage in an introductory lecture in one of our best classical books:—

"Is a study noble in proportion to its breadth and depth, and diversity of the knowledge on which it is founded? Then think of medicine. How she levies her contributions from every branch of knowledge! The human body exhibits a machinery so perfect, that the most skilful mechanical professor may take lessons from studying it. It contains a laboratory so diversified, and chemical processes so subtle, that therein the ability of the most expert chemist is far surpassed. But the knowledge of the student of medicine must go beyond that of the mechanical and chemical philosopher. He must study those vital properties of which these can tell him no-

thing; he must become acquainted with the attributes of life operating in matter; in animal generation, nutrition, growth, secretion, motion, and sensation, in the variations of these processes, in their decay, and their cessation, which is death. He has a complicated study, peculiarly his own, in addition to those of a more elementary nature; he has, besides, to contemplate the body under disease, and to bring to his aid the three kingdoms of nature, and almost every art and every science, for agents and means to counteract and control that which disturbs its well-being. But is the body the only object of his care? No! mind and matter are too closely combined to be studied or treated apart. To medicine it belongs to treat the entire man, physical, moral, and intellectual. See its effects on masses of mankind, displayed in the happy discoveries of Jenner; see how even barbarous people and idolaters, Mussulmans, Hindoos, and Chinese, respect our nation only for the medical aid which it can supply, so that it has happened that medicine has become the handmaid of religion, a bond between two countries, a peacemaker between nations. Do not think that I overrate the profession; morally and intellectually, I cannot overrate it."

But my thoughts on the acquirements of medical men and their responsibilities did not stop even here. I looked upon the physician as pre-eminently a man of science, a man who studied the laws of nature in all their forms and phases. A man whose duty it

was to trace every possible connexion between cause and effect. A man who especially should never rest till he gets to the root of a matter, who should dig through every conceivable barrier in order to reach the very foundations, and find out, and become familiar with the first cause; and my opinion regarding the researches and investigations of the physician have in nowise diminished or become modified during an experience of six years' hard study and observation. On the contrary, the more I have pondered over his duties and responsibilities, the more I see the urgent necessity for the versatility of his knowledge and acquirements. In other professions, extensive and collateral knowledge are only needful at certain seasons, and on special occasions; there is usually time for reflection and further research, but in the practice of medicine there is little or no time for either. In speaking of my own experience, when I have to examine and prescribe for between one and three hundred patients a day on my own responsibility, as well as to perform the most delicate and dangerous operations in surgery at a moment's notice, I sometimes feel that a medical man's knowledge should be almost infinite, not only of his own profession, but in all the circle of the sciences, physical and metaphysical, and in all the philosophy of the age, mechanical, natural, mental, and moral.

The more profound the knowledge of such a man, the deeper is his conviction how slender is the thread

on which existence hangs; how true it is that man is "fearfully and wonderfully made;" how complex and delicate the mechanism of life; how great and constant the risk of disorder and decay: none hear so often the solemn warnings of God's providence proclaiming the insecurity of life, the certainty of death; none read so plainly the scroll that fronts all sublunary things, "and this also shall pass away." On no ear falls so frequently the warning, "Be ye also ready." Their wonted companions are pestilence and disease, contagion meets them at every turn, and death to them is no stranger; their toil is heavy, and their dangers are great, but their profession is noble, their privileges are many, and these pertain to time and to eternity.

In sickness the heart becomes soft and tender, and the faithful physician can often look back with adoring thankfulness to the time when, with one hand, he healed and soothed the body, and with the other pointed the weary, restless heart heavenward. Conversion may come mysteriously as the breeze, but in many cases it is dated back to special providences, and how often, with adoring gratitude, to some sudden sickness, or lingering disease, when conscience regains its power and speaks of God.

Memory upbraids, conviction grows deeper, and the good news is eagerly sought after and thirsted for. Then is the sowing-time, when the heart is soft and watered by the tears of penitence, then it is, that in the deep furrow of affliction the good seed

may be laid. Nourished by the dews of the Holy Spirit, and warmed by the rays of God's love, it takes deep root and springs up to the glory of His name; and blessed is the physician through whose instrumentality new life is given by God, not only to the body but to the immortal soul.

CHAPTER II.

College Life.

COLLEGE LIFE.

HERE Dr Henderson's personal narrative, unfortunately, ends. It was commenced in busy days in 1860, and was laid aside in 1861, to be completed, if ever he came to England for a little rest. The many note-books kept during his college life contain but few allusions that would interest the general reader, although they show the wonderful diligence and perseverance that characterised those years. The results will appear from his after career; but it may be mentioned that the certificates of the curriculum of the Royal College of Surgeons, containing the register of his attendance at the various classes from 1855 to 1858, show that he was present on every occasion when the roll was called, except when laid aside for three weeks by a dangerous attack of small-pox. There are nine or ten closely-written books, containing notes of lectures by various professors, and many thoughts on subjects that specially interested him. An Essay on Insanity, read before the "Hunterian Society," for which he received a diploma in 1858,

and several other papers, evidently written for delivery at meetings of that society, and at other meetings with his fellow-students. In November 1855, he began the study of medicine at Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh; his kind friend Mrs Ross wished him to remain in her house while he was at college, so much did she appreciate his perseverance in study, but as she was alarmed when he was attacked by small-pox, he took lodgings after his recovery; and for three years his life was one of incessant toil. He usually read till one or two o'clock in the morning, as his note-books show, and of necessity his life was a very quiet one, for he had no time to spend in mere pastime, nor did he care to make friends of any who were not of a kindred spirit. Much as it is to be regretted that there are so few records of those important years, it is scarcely to be wondered at. Severe and unceasing were his labours; many were the hidden conflicts that he had to brave. "I know only one thing," he used to say in after days, "that could have kept me from falling or fainting in those years—the grace of God; that, with the memory of my mother, kept me up."

"My recollections of him in Edinburgh," writes one dear friend, "are clear and distinct; he appeared to me then, as he remained to the last, a man of warm and genial feeling, an earnest student, quiet and reserved about himself and his affairs. He always greeted his friends with a fresh, sunny smile, quite refreshing to meet with. I cannot forget how

delighted I was when I saw his well-remembered face in Shanghai."

Two or three extracts from note-books are introduced here; they were written at the very commence- of his college life :—

"*Sabbath, November* 18, 1855.—Went in the afternoon to St Thomas's Chapel to hear Mr Drummond. I like him extremely, he is so earnest in pleading with sinners, shows so well the vanity of the world when compared with making sure work of salvation, that I am persuaded that it cannot fail to have a deep and abiding influence on the minds of all who heard him. I am glad I went, for I feel more secure, more independent, as far as worldly things go, or earthly comforts or happiness. I feel that since God takes so great care of me as He has hitherto done, and is doing, it matters little where or what way I live, provided I have His glory in view, devoting my time and talents to serving Him, which, O my Father, grant that I may do! I say, if I set the Lord always before me, and forget self more, it matters little in what land my lot may be cast—where I spend my poor obscure life or wear out my frail perishing body. What does it matter in what quarter of the world this is done, or where at length I lay down my weary, worn-out frame, after spending and being spent in the service of God, and for the best interests of my fellow-men? To-morrow, had I but a full knowledge of my profession, I could, with all pleasure, pack up and set sail for the seat of war in

the Crimea, in order that I might assist my fellow-countrymen in the death-struggle now going on. I could do this at any moment, and why not? I will go out, wherever I go, in the name of the Lord God, for since He is now my Friend, it matters little who is my foe, or in what way I lay down my life—whether I die of a long lingering illness, wearing away by degrees, or am cut down in a moment by a Cossack's seventy-eight pounder! But, O my Father, grant me grace that I may be always ready, that I may never live in such a state that I should fear death at any moment. Let me not live to give to men and women the bread that perisheth only, but let my aims be very high. Like the eagle that soars aloft, fixing his eye upon the sun, let me fix my gaze upon the Sun of Righteousness, and press heavenward, determined to be there at last where my Lord and Saviour is. If I have little of this world's good, let me be always content with food and raiment, and since I see my heavenly Father cares for the flowers of the field, let me ever trust in Him for the supply of all my wants, while occupied in a way of well-doing.

"Especially it becomes me to trust Him, for hitherto His bounteous hand has made my cup to overflow with worldly bliss, and, what is infinitely more than all put together, He has given me a good hope through grace in my Saviour Jesus Christ; and seeing He has done this, can I be so stupid as to doubt that He loves me, and that He will 'freely give me all things,' unworthy as I am? He has more than made good His promise

to the orphan in my case. When my father and mother left me then the Lord took me up."

"*November* 19, 1855.—Just got home—ten minutes past five o'clock—after undergoing seven hours' drill in class-rooms and hospital. After a fair trial of about a fortnight in my classes, I find that I acquire more good, and have really learnt more, from Dr Noble during the one hour a day that I have been with him than from any one else. Having the advantage of his valuable private instruction, I can with perfect ease keep up with all the classes, and derive benefit from lectures, descriptions, and demonstrations, above most of my fellow junior students. What an advantage and blessing it is to have such a friend! Can I ever repay him? This is a critical period with me, and I needed some one to take me by the hand, and, thanks to God, He has given me such assistance and encouragement.

"*November* 20. — Getting on remarkably well. After conversing with many of the students, and finding to a great extent their amount of knowledge, and comparing myself with them, I find myself a good distance ahead, with one exception, and he tells me he was attending the dissecting rooms a month before me. Moreover, Dr Noble told me to-day that I was getting on very fast, and there was not one in ten had made the progress that I have done. Then the plain truth is, he has all the credit for that himself, since he has the great kindness to give me an hour of his precious time every day."

The following extracts from letters written in 1861 are introduced here as throwing light on this period of his history.

"I have not seen much of Scotland; I never could afford time to travel for pleasure. All my years at college, instead of taking advantage of Christmas, and the holidays between the summer and winter session, as most others did, to visit the country, I never lost a day from the hospital, the library, and anatomical rooms; and when the summer session ended, early in August, having constantly studied for nine months without interruption, and when all classes were given up for three months, I still spent my time among the patients in the hospital, and practised among the poor of the city till the 1st of November, when the winter session commenced again; and I felt as ready as any one to enter with all zeal and energy the new classes, and to compete successfully with those who had spent the autumn among the mountains, streams, and lakes; and although I was in daily contact with the most dangerous and malignant diseases, and saw some of my dearest companions cut down by them, my God preserved me through them all, and made good His gracious promise, 'As thy day is, so thy strength shall be.' 'There shall no evil befall thee.'

"I often felt very sad and lonely—especially did I long for some kindred spirit on the Sabbath. My work and my college companions were enough for me through the week, and I had some very dear

friends amongst them; but God was always with me, and oh! how often have I rejoiced in His love. He always sustained me and raised me up when sad.

"Should not you like to go to Edinburgh? I think you said so when we were at Portsmouth. I have some very dear friends there—Dr Handyside and his family, Dr Coldstream and his family, Professor Miller, Professor Balfour, the Honourable Mrs Mackenzie, &c., &c. My dearest college friend was Mr, now Dr Miller. He and I attended classes together, visited our patients together, rejoiced in each other's honours, took long walks into the country every Saturday afternoon, discussed the most subtle, delicate, and complex questions in medicine and philosophy; and, in short, were always very happy in each other's society, though we were very unlike in disposition. Many others I liked extremely, one or two have died—all are now separated, and have commenced the great responsibilities of their profession. Still I should like to see Edinburgh again, especially with you. I think I should feel so happy and grateful to God to look once more at the familiar places with one so evidently sent to me by that gracious God who evermore watched over me and kept me safe and secure, amid all the dangers and temptations, trials and sorrows, doubts and fears, anxieties and victories of that beautiful city."

"I never thought of being a Medical-Missionary till the close of the year 1856. I had always been looking for opportunities to serve my God, and I had

determined to study medicine, knowing that wherever my lot might be cast, I should never lack opportunities of doing good both to souls and bodies. When I was just half through my curriculum of medical study, I went on the evening of the 18th of December to a meeting of the Edinburgh Medical-Missionary Society, and hearing many interesting remarks on the value and importance of medical missions, before twenty-four hours I had fully made up my mind to be a Medical-Missionary, and soon after I spoke to my friend Professor Miller, who strongly advised me to do as I had resolved.

"After I had finished my studies in Edinburgh, I was offered a very good situation as partner with an old gentleman in the county of Durham, who wished to retire from practice. In two years I was offered all the practice, which was worth more than £700 a year. Many friends advised me to accept the proposal, but, having determined to go abroad, I declined it."

The following particulars, from his dear and valued friend Dr Handyside, of the Edinburgh Medical School, completes the story of his College life:—

"On May 6, 1857, he was introduced to me at the Main Point Medical-Missionary Dispensary, and in concert with Messrs Lowe, Robson, Bell, Johnston, and Carnegie, assisted me in that work.

"He laboured with great zeal daily there for six months during this year and during the autumn of the next; and on Lord's-day mornings assisted at a

service held there, between eight and nine o'clock, among the poor Irish, which service he occasionally conducted. His means being very limited, he applied, at the age of twenty-eight years, to be adopted by the Medical-Missionary Society as one of its students, in virtue of which connexion he would have the remaining fifteen months' expenses of his medical education defrayed from their funds. After due inquiry, he was unanimously accepted by this Society, and trained by them,* accompanying me to the Cowgate Medical-Missionary Dispensary, when the Main Point institution was transferred thither, and labouring there with me during the remainder of his medical curriculum. During his pupilage he became a marked student in the Edinburgh Medical School, in consequence of the devotedness of his mind to study, and the interest which he took in the spiritual progress of his fellows. At the public evening meetings, (held monthly by the Medical-Missionary Society,) Mr Henderson was on two or three occasions called on by his fellow-students to express the views of his friends and himself on important Christian topics, bearing on the seri-

* Dr Coldstream's letter containing the resolution of the directors to accept Dr Henderson as one of the Society's students has been found among his papers, carefully preserved. On the back of it he wrote :—"The council and kind friends will, I know, be interested in me, and while God in His providence has given me such friends, I certainly shall avail myself of their counsel; but, above all, I shall value their prayers, and let our united supplications be, that God may be glorified by the present arrangement, the kingdom of grace be advanced, and the kingdom of glory hastened."

ous call to students of medicine to become Christians and medical missionaries.

"As a student and a pupil he was uniformly regular, punctual, and diligent; conscientious, zealous, and laborious; kind to the poor, and self-denying.

"In passing surgeon, he acquitted himself most creditably. He obtained a separate diploma, as accoucheur, from Dr Keiller, his teacher in that department; 'who, two years before, had awarded him a prize, after competitive examination in the class.'

"Desirous of possessing the degree of M.D., (not considered necessary by the Medical-Missionary Society,) he obtained pupils in literature and the classics, to enable him to raise the necessary fees; and accordingly in 1859, at St Andrews, he took his degree as physician.*

"There being at this time no opening in the foreign field for a medical-missionary, he settled down in August 1858 in a country practice at Rhynie, in his native county. Here he met with the most rapid

* On leaving college he wrote the following letter:—

"*To the Directors of the Edinburgh Medical-Missionary Society.*

"GENTLEMEN,—Having now finished my curriculum of medical study, and taken the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, I beg to thank you most heartily for all your kindness and courtesy towards me, during the fifteen months I have had the pleasure and the honour to be connected with your Society. I am now a candidate for medical-mission work, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to take the field under the auspices of your Society.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"JAMES HENDERSON.

"*August 6, 1858.*"

success during the seven months that he remained; having found it necessary to keep a horse, in order to overtake his professional visits. Dr Henderson's heart, set upon labours as a medical-missionary in the foreign field, did not rest satisfied with his prosperous commencement in practice at home, and therefore, in following up his resolution to go forth among the heathen, he, in 1859, made application to the directors of the London Missionary Society, through the Rev. G. D. Cullen of Edinburgh, one of his valued friends; and this application being accepted, he relinquished the bright prospects before him of attaining eminence and well-deserved popularity as a scientific physician and surgeon in his native land; and without hesitation, throwing aside these very attractive and lucrative prospects, at once engaged himself to that Society as a missionary of the Lord Jesus to his heathen brethren in China."

Dr Henderson thus alludes to these circumstances in his journal:—"Went in August to Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, where I began to practise. In the middle of February I was sent for by the directors of the London Missionary Society, and engaged as one of their medical agents to China. I returned to Rhynie, settled my few affairs, spent two or three days in Edinburgh, and arrived at Walthamstow, Essex, on the 17th March 1859, where my Society arranged I should read theology six months with the Rev. S. S. England before I sail. An exceedingly happy arrangement for me, for in Mr England I have found

one of the dearest and most valued friends I ever had; God bless him, and make him a blessing!" To this friendship, so happily commenced, and continued in all its freshness until the close of Dr Henderson's life, Mr England thus refers:—

"It was on the 14th of February 1859, that I first had the pleasure of meeting my late much-lamented and beloved friend, Dr James Henderson.

"As one of the directors of the London Missionary Society, and a member of the Examination Committee, I attended as usual the fortnightly board at the Mission House.

"On that morning there were only two candidates for missionary service appointed to meet the committee. One of them, Mr James Henderson, as he then was, especially excited the interest and secured the sympathy and respect of the examining body.

"The preliminary papers received from him were highly satisfactory, the recommendations as to character, devoted piety, and university and professional attainments and skill were warm and decided, and I especially remember the hearty and affectionate testimony of his honoured pastor, Dr Guthrie of Edinburgh.

"His self-possessed manner, gentlemanly bearing, and frank answers to all the questions put to him in turn by the several members of the committee excited special interest in him as a man; while his evident simple-hearted devotedness to the great work of Christian missions, his anxiety to consecrate his

talents and attainments to the service of Christ among the Chinese as a missionary physician, and his manifest intelligence and proved energy of character, secured the suffrages of the whole Board, and he was unanimously accepted for the usual probation as a candidate for missionary service.

"The next question was an immediately practical one: Where was Mr Henderson to spend the period of his probation?

"To my great surprise, my colleagues in the committee determined that I must receive him under my care at Walthamstow; and, after some little hesitation, I consented, and was thus led to form one of the most interesting of the friendships of my life.

"Before leaving the Mission House, I conferred with Mr Henderson as to the arrangements which this decision involved. He was unable immediately to commence his new career. The practice he had been carrying on as a surgeon at Rhynie was to be disposed of, his horse and furniture to be sold, and all professional engagements wound up. This necessarily occupied about a month, and, after a brief correspondence, I had the pleasure of welcoming him on the 17th of March at Walthamstow.

"As I think of him when he entered my house—as I recall his quiet energy and happy smile, his youthful vigour, maturing into manhood, his beaming eye and pleasant voice, I can hardly realise the fact that the bright and useful course which seemed then so rich in promise has been so quickly finished.

"I was unable to accommodate him under my own roof, but my late kind friend, Dr Alfred Evans of Walthamstow, at my request received him into his own family circle, and found in him a most congenial companion, sympathising with him alike in his scientific investigations, and in the details, so far as he had opportunity, of his professional practice.

"We soon arranged what I trusted would prove a useful plan of study, adapted to turn to the best advantage the six or seven months which I expected to intervene before he should receive the Directors' instructions to embark for China, to take charge of the Chinese hospital in Shanghai, formerly under the care of the well-known and esteemed surgeon, Mr Lockhart.

"We regularly spent together four mornings in the week. We always prayed together, and I shall never lose the happy memory of his simple, scriptural, earnest supplications.

"I asked him to bring me at each lecture a paragraph from the Greek Testament, and a portion of Paley's 'Evidences,' and 'Horæ Paulinæ.' We also read together some ecclesiastical and general history and systematic theology, and now and then I got him to write me a sermon.

"I confess that I often looked at him with astonishment. He told me very frankly all his previous history, and when I saw before me that educated and gentlemanly man of nine-and-twenty, thoroughly

abreast of the intelligence of the age, so free from the common faults of self-taught men, I could hardly believe that he had never seen the inside of a school, even of the humblest character, and that, twenty years before, he had been a barefooted lad, herding sheep on the muir of Rhynie; that, some thirteen years ago, he could not have written his own name, and nevertheless he had *forced* his way to the University of Edinburgh, had taken prizes in classes of two hundred medical students, received the diploma of the College of Surgeons, and won for himself the respect and friendship of men of the highest Christian character and professional distinction.

"His Greek scholarship, of course, was neither extensive nor profound; but the marvel was, that he should have been at home in the Greek Testament at all. This, however, I think, presents one clue to his character.

"He had learned to read in his earliest childhood at his mother's knee. The Bible, the Scotch paraphrases, and the Shorter Catechism, had been his chief class-books. These had revealed to him a wide world of mental and moral excitement and activity beyond the horizon of the moors of Aberdeenshire. He thought, resolved, and prayed.

"He determined, by God's grace, that he would be a GOOD man, and then that he would be a USEFUL man, and, in order to this last, that he would be an EDUCATED man. Education and his lowly lot seemed far apart, but the resolution was formed, and, with

characteristic pertinacity and patience and self-denial, realised; and then, when realised, with the same quiet determination consecrated to the glory of God, to the service of Jesus, and to the good of his fellow-men.

"With my people at Walthamstow he was a universal favourite. Brief, comparatively, as was his sojourn amongst us, he formed friendships there which only death could sever, and which, there are many who trust, immortality will perpetuate. The teachers welcomed him in the Sunday-school, and the congregations at the week-night services often heard him with pleasure and profit.

"At the beginning of May I expected to be absent from home for a short sojourn at Brighton. When we were talking over his occupation and improvement of the period of our separation, he suggested that the time was approaching for the examinations at the University of St Andrews in the faculty of medicine, and that, possibly, if he could go to Scotland for two days he might be able to obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine. I conferred with the Secretaries of the Society, Dr Tidman and Mr Prout, and we all thought that if such a step were successful it would be well worth the expenditure of time and money.

"How well do I remember the calm earnestness with which he addressed himself to a rapid review of the chief subjects of examination, the modest confidence with which he anticipated success, and the character-

istic regard to economy, which showed itself in his choice of the third class night train from King's Cross to Edinburgh.

"A fortnight afterwards I met him at the Brighton Station, and had the pleasure of saluting him as Dr James Henderson. The examinations had lasted through five days—three of them devoted to written, and two to *vivâ voce* tests of medical knowledge.

"Inquiring with some particularity into the matter, I found that while nearly forty members of the College of Surgeons had presented themselves to the examiners, nine of them had been 'plucked;' and thus the success of those who had been called up to the college library to be 'capped,' was all the more satisfactory. With characteristic pertinacity also he secured the signature to his diploma of Sir David Brewster, although it was only obtained by persuading the great man's valet to take the document to his bedside before the train started in the early morning from the seat of the oldest Scottish University.

"Before he left Walthamstow I had the pleasure of introducing to him my dear friend and former pupil at Mill Hill School, the Rev. Robert Dawson, B.A., destined to be, alas! we are ready to say, far too short a time his valued colleague in the Chinese mission, and beloved brother-in-law. They spent together some interesting and happy hours under my roof, and discussed with congenial feelings their future plans and sphere of missionary service.

"At length the month of October came. I need not

recount, although affection loves to recall, our walks and words as parting drew nigh—our visit to the docks, our explorations of the little cabins in the *Heroes of Alma*, the vessel in which the missionary band of brothers and sisters embarked for China—the valedictory service at Walworth, and then the sad, yet loving words of farewell.

"I have never met a man who, where he was known, inspired more thorough confidence or stronger regard. My dear wife would heartily endorse every word I have written. Dr and Mrs Evans, and members of their family, felt towards him as a brother; and our little girl, who had only known him as a child five years of age can know her father's friend, cherished for him such tender love, that for six years, until she heard that his earthly work was finished, his name was never omitted from her childish prayers.

"Farewell! dear brother and friend. Too soon for us thine earthly course was ended. Be it ours to catch fresh inspiration of love, and fresh consecration to duty from thy happy memory—

> 'Thus saints that seem to die in earth's rude strife,
> Only win double life:
> They have but left our weary ways
> To live in memory here, in heaven by love and praise.'"

On the 22nd of October Dr Henderson, accompanied by his dear friend Dr Evans, stepped on board the *Heroes of Alma* at Gravesend. A large party met there, as six missionaries with their wives were to sail for China; and many relatives and loving friends

were assembled to bid them farewell. A very touching and solemn service was held in the saloon, and then one by one the little boats left, filled with those who gazed with tearful eyes at the dear ones from whom they were so soon to be widely separated. It was on this occasion that Dr Henderson first saw the lady who afterwards became his wife, who had come with her mother to bid adieu to a beloved sister and brother-in-law. As the doctor stood, rather lonely, apart from the crowd, they just before parting shook hands with him, and thanked him for an act of unselfish kindness done on behalf of their dear ones, little expecting ever to meet him again, but it was otherwise appointed, as a leaf from his journal will show.

"*October* 25, *Tuesday.*—In the Downs we encountered a very severe storm; while just as the gale was commencing eight of our crew mutinied, and refused to do duty or obey orders. We should have put them in irons, but had only two pairs on board. We threw out both our anchors, which were very heavy for the size of our ship, and to this, through the good providence of God, we may ascribe our safety, for notwithstanding our great anchors they were dragged half a mile, and some of our sails were torn to tatters. Two vessels, one anchored on each side of us, were lost, and every soul on board perished. For two days after, we saw ships being tugged past us entirely dismasted.

"*November* 4, *Friday.*—After being fourteen days tossed in the Channel, and after beating past Dover

to Dungeness three times, and all these times driven back to the Downs; having experienced a very stormy passage to Portsmouth from Thursday to Friday, we got ashore at three o'clock P.M. Enjoyed the evening exceedingly; thanked God, and took courage."

Before two hours had passed, after the passengers landed, the telegraph was conveying to many homes the joyful news, 'We are here till to-morrow, can you come?' And among the few who could obey the glad summons were Mrs Dawson's mother and sister. Very wonderful was the meeting between those who, only a fortnight before, had parted, as they supposed, for many long and weary years; and a happy company enjoyed each other's society for five days, for the wind continuing unfavourable, the captain did not think it wise to start again till the 9th.

The greatest kindness was shown by the ministers of the town, and several members of their congregations, to the little band who had commenced their voyage so inauspiciously; and gratitude for their safety was perhaps more strongly felt, because of the fearful loss of life and property during those terrible storms. On the night when they were kept at anchor because of the mutiny among the crew, the *Royal Charter* was lost, and daily were the papers searched with anxious eyes for news of the *Heroes of Alma*. It was therefore with no ordinary feelings that on the Sunday morning the missionary party

and their friends united around His table in commemorating their Saviour's dying love; and on Monday evening a meeting was held in one of the chapels, where addresses were given by several of the party, Dr Henderson being among the number. On Tuesday evening he was invited to take part in another meeting, and on Wednesday the orders came for the passengers to embark. The bitterness of parting felt when they left Gravesend was not repeated on this occasion. The past five days had inspired them with fresh joy and courage; and in Dr Henderson's heart a hope had arisen which, though not fulfilled for twelve months, gave a new aspect to his life.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the little group, accompanied by their friends, walked to the beach, where the boat waited to convey them to their ship; and as they were rowed away the sounds of their voices, uplifted in hymns of praise, fell sweetly on many listening ears.

To one or two incidents of the outward voyage Mr Dawson thus refers:—

"The circumstances under which we, for the second time, left the shores of England were such that it was impossible for me not to regard the doctor with special interest—those five days at Portsmouth had been most eventful ones. There is nothing like a long sea voyage for bringing out the real qualities of a man's nature; and to such a man as Dr Henderson the long confinement, and the sheer impossibility of

active service of any kind, were peculiarly trying. Never, however, did his happy spirit fail him, and the impression made upon my mind was this—that though among our company there were men of decided character and high attainments, his character was most remarkable, and his talent most conspicuous. With all his opinions I did not, of course, agree; but I always felt that those opinions were the result of earnest thought, and knowing nothing at that time of his early history, I concluded, from his extensive information, his gentlemanly bearing, and his ready wit, that he had enjoyed all the advantages of a lengthened university education. One result of the masterly self-reliance which had enabled him to force his way to the front, was a contempt for weakness, which sometimes made him seem rather severe on others; caring nothing himself for the opinion of the world, and accustomed to trample upon difficulties, already a veteran in the world's battle-field, and conscious that he was none the worse, but all the better, for the struggle, he had no patience with men who evinced timidity of spirit, or want of energy. During the voyage the doctor became a universal favourite; though very studious, and reading as closely as if some stiff examination awaited him in Shanghai, his genial presence ofttimes made us gay, when otherwise dulness would have reigned on board. He was very kind to me when I was so ill, and on many occasions during the voyage it was evident that we had with us a most skilful medical man.

"One or two cases of serious illness occurred amongst the sailors; and especially were his services called into requisition on board an American ship we fell in with at the Island of Bouro, on which cholera had made its appearance. He always took his turn in preaching to the sailors, in which I think he excelled us all, having perhaps a greater sympathy with them in the roughing of life, through which many of them have to pass. Many a time was his knowledge of Scripture tested when, towards dusk, the evenings being fine and warm, we declined to descend to the cabin for prayers. I was generally called upon to give out a hymn, and he to read the Bible, but the light of the stars was not sufficient to help us with our books, and we had to trust to our memories—his never failed.

"He and I were the first to land in Shanghai, on March 23, 1860. We left our party in the boat, whilst we went to find the London Mission. It was pitch dark, and the streets were ankle-deep in mud, for it had been raining for days. We entered the lodges of several Hongs, but of course could make no one understand. At length, to our joy, we found the English consulate, where we were furnished with a guide. After six months he came to board with us, and at the end of a year we arranged to occupy the same house. A happy arrangement, as during my absence in the country he took such tender care of Sarah, who was at one time very ill. In his hospital work I often assisted him in a small way,

and very highly did I admire his skill and success, his firmness and kindness. I need say nothing of my own obligations to him during the last months of my stay in China, inasmuch as all our friends know well that, under God, my life is owing to his assiduous care and skilful treatment."

CHAPTER III.

Shanghai.

SHANGHAI.

On arriving in Shanghai, Dr Henderson found the Chinese hospital in the charge of the Rev. W. H. Collins, M.R.C.S., who had kindly taken the supervision of the work there, after the departure of Dr Hobson, early in 1859. The annual meeting was held on the 23rd of April, when the following letter was laid before the trustees:—

"*To the Trustees of the Chinese Hospital, Shanghai.*

"Gentlemen,—Having lately come to Shanghai, as a medical-missionary, in connexion with the London Missionary Society, I shall be glad to undertake the charge of the Chinese hospital here, in the same manner as Drs Lockhart and Hobson formerly did.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"James Henderson, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

"*April* 22, 1860."

It was then proposed by Rev. E. W. Syle, and seconded by Dr Bridgman, "That this meeting learns with gratification the offer made by Dr Henderson, and its acceptance by the committee."

The simplest and best account of the daily work in the hospital is found in Dr Henderson's Report, which was read the following January at the annual meeting.

"The daily work at the hospital is as follows:— At half-past eleven o'clock the hospital bell begins to ring for patients to assemble; at a quarter past twelve the native preacher belonging to the hospital begins the religious services in the hall where the patients meet; he reads the Scriptures and preaches till one o'clock, concluding with prayer. I begin to examine the cases at one o'clock, by taking first ten women into the dispensary, where they sit down, and each is prescribed for separately; ten men are then admitted in like manner; thus ten women and ten men are admitted successively until all are seen. Any case requiring a surgical operation is put aside till all the others are prescribed for. Cases of accident are admitted at all hours. Chin Foo, my apothecary and house-surgeon, is all I could desire; he has been in the hospital now about eight years, and assisted Drs Lockhart and Hobson; he is attentive to all his duties, very intelligent, and kind to the patients, has carefully read all Dr Hobson's medical works in Chinese, and were it not that he wants practical anatomy, he would be a good surgeon, but owing to the stupid prejudices of the Chinese he has never seen even the interior of a dead body. I have tried to teach him from anatomical plates, but these are not sufficient; he can, however, perform the minor operations well

under my directions. There is a dispensary coolie who assists Chin Foo to make up the medicines which I order, and give them to the patients. There is also a doorkeeper who gives each patient a ticket as he is admitted into the dispensary. Chin Foo's brother, Keih Foo, is the native preacher at the hospital, and is very attentive to all his duties. After I begin to see the patients in the dispensary, he commences to distribute tracts to all who can read, and to converse with those who are waiting on the all-important truths of Christianity. Soon after my arrival here I had fifteen thousand copies of a small tract printed in Chinese, containing, within a short space, an epitome of the gospel; each patient who can read, and very many can, receives a copy of this; and thus during the past year large numbers from different parts of the country have heard the glad tidings of salvation through the Redeemer. Last May I opened a dispensary in the city, where I attended for two days every week, but was obliged to give it up, the people having left the city on account of the rebel panic. One hundred and sixty-nine patients have been treated in the wards of the hospital since April last, more than sixteen thousand persons have been prescribed for, and the aggregate attendance has been considerably above twenty thousand. I have had a large number of opium smokers, of these one hundred and thirty-seven expressed a wish to be cured of the habit; scarcely half the number, however, had resolution enough to persevere; forty-

two have been permanently cured, but twenty-eight cases disappeared after a few days' treatment. One of the forty-two was a respectable man's wife, who had smoked opium for more than ten years, and was very anxious to give it up; she was under treatment twenty-nine days, and expressed the deepest gratitude that she was cured. I have visited forty-eight opium shops in and around the city, taking notes of the cases which I meet with in these shops, and investigating individual cases. These would form a curious and interesting chapter; but I must say that so far as I have yet seen, my experience differs considerably in some respects from that of others who have written on this subject—the effects of opium upon man; and I am glad to be able to say, that except in two or three instances I have failed to see the pernicious effects upon the Chinese to that extent which I was led to anticipate from hearsay. Nothing seems to excite the attention of the Chinese here more than the use of chloroform. In all the larger operations I have given it with the best results. Forty or fifty Chinese may be seen witnessing a severe operation on one of their own countrymen in mute astonishment, scarcely believing their own eyes that the patient is in a quiet sleep; when the operation is over they begin to chatter, telling each other that 'it is twelve parts wonderful.' Perhaps a better class of patients than the Chinese could not be found, most of them seem to have boundless confidence in the foreign doctor, and are ready to do or to submit

to anything that he recommends. I do not think a better field for medical missions could exist anywhere."

The report continues with a list of many interesting cases, and a valuable note on the importance of common salt in cases of ague and cholera, but these are omitted as being perhaps too long, or professional, for general readers.

The following extracts, from a correspondence commenced at this period, sufficiently portray Dr Henderson's inward and outward life during the next twelve months:—

"*January* 1861.—This new year has dawned upon me with the happiest feelings, and greater peace and joy than I have ever experienced. I have always brought in the new year praying to my Father, who seeth in secret, and throughout every day of each year, therefore, He has never failed to reward me openly. On the last day of 1860 I dined at Mr Hobson's, the chaplain here, and, among others, met Mr Parkes,* and after dinner he gave us such an interesting account of his captivity in Peking that no one thought of moving till eleven o'clock. Dear Robert and Sarah and I agreed to meet before eight o'clock on new year's morning to remember you all at the mercy-seat, and we had a hallowed and most refreshing half-hour with our heavenly Father. My hospital gets on very well, and I like my work very much, partly because I am passionately fond of my

* Now Sir Harry Parkes, K.C.B.

profession, and here my opportunities of studying it and watching the progress of disease are ample.

"*February.*—The merchants are all much pleased with the hospital proceedings, and tell me that they will support me to any extent in the good work. All expenses connected with the hospital are defrayed by them. Robert preached to my patients for the first time to-day in Chinese; Mr Macgowan also, one of our party on board the *Heroes*, began three weeks ago. He and R—— have worked very hard at the language; very few are able to speak within the first year. I do not remember whether I told you that last summer I was elected a member of the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society here, and last October I was made secretary. Mr Meadows, the consul, is president. We meet the first Tuesday of every month, and discuss scientific subjects. All our papers lately have been on Japan.

"*March* 4.—I am charmed with the way you have spent Christmas. You have kept it exactly as I think it ought to be kept, with those we love, and whose society we delight in, all aiming and striving to make each other happy in every possible way. This, I feel sure, is what our heavenly Father would have us do, and what our loving Saviour had in view when He left His throne in glory and took up His abode among us for a time, that all joy and rejoicing might be ours. I have often thought that Christians dishonour God in not rejoicing in His love—in not being, as it were, transported with delight *in* the contemplation of His love—what He

has done, and what He will yet do for them. In meditating on the past—what He *has* done for me; enjoying the present—what He *is* doing for me; in thinking of the future—what He *will* do for me, O E——! I am so transported with joy and happiness that I scarcely know what to do. With such feelings, how little worth are all the so-called pleasures of this world, which perish with the using. How very unsubstantial all these seem, and how very little they ought to influence a child of God, an heir of glory, a prince of God, for it is a favourite maxim of mine that all God's children are princes and princesses, for surely he is a prince whose Father is a King; and so every child of God should appear to others just like the family of Gideon. When Gideon asked Zebah and Zalmunna, 'What manner of men were they whom ye slew at Tabor?' they returned the answer, 'As thou art, so were they; each one resembled the children of a king.' So, my darling, I think every child of God should be; you and I should be, and will ever strive to be, of God's true nobility, as belonging to the peerage created by the King of kings, heirs of God, heirs-apparent of a crown and kingdom, and great inheritance; for we shall yet occupy a throne, and wear a crown in our Lord's kingdom; *nothing is more sure.* Dear Sarah has done so much for the soldiers and sailors here the last few months, I believe that her efforts have been richly blessed to them. We are all invited to a soiree, given by the sailors of the surveying ship *Actæon*, this evening. I expect we shall

have a most interesting meeting. The British Expedition has called at Nankin, and the rebels were exceedingly courteous. Messrs Edkins, John, and Wilson are going to Nankin in a day or two. What glorious opportunities there will now be for preaching the gospel! But I must close, for I must go to the hospital. I have a large attendance every fine day, and many interesting cases—I mean, interesting for me.

"*March* 22.—To-day is my *second* birthday. I shall have been a soldier of the cross for twelve years to-day, and what a loving Captain I have served under! What wonderful tokens of His love and favour have I received from Him during this period! Spiritual and temporal blessings inexpressible. And what a future is now before me! When I think of these things, the burden of delight is almost too heavy for me to bear.

"*April* 4.—Very large numbers of people are still flocking to my hospital. On looking over my book, I find I prescribed for 3512 people last month. Just now I am getting last year's report translated into Chinese, and printed for the benefit of the Chinese merchants. This has never been done before, but I think it will do good. I have just received a letter from Mr Meadows, the British consul, stating that he has 'read my report with great interest, and begs me to accept the enclosed order for 60 taels (£20) in aid of an institution so beneficial,' and asking if I can send him two more reports. This is very encouraging, as he never subscribed before.

"*April* 22.—Last Saturday I had 212 patients at the hospital—more, I believe, than ever attended on one day before. Three of them are candidates for baptism. Robert is to examine them more fully with the aid of the hospital preacher to-day. Every day I have operations on the eye, giving sight to as many blind as I can. Thus, you see, 'the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them.' I believe we are engaged in a great and good work, doing the Master's will, and sorry indeed should I be to leave it. I want first to try and do all the good I can for this poor, benighted people, and prepare the way for the advent of Him whom I strive to serve.

"I told you I had begun to write the story of my life, but I have not touched it lately; sometimes I think I shall not finish it, at any rate I must leave it for a more leisure time. . . . I believe I began life in all its stern realities before I was fourteen years old. I have been in a hard school ever since. A fair enough field, perhaps, but certainly no favour; and during more than seventeen years' hard experience I have seen many with prospects far brighter, and circumstances far more favourable than mine ever were, trodden down and completely crushed under the pressure of rivalry and competition; some entirely crushed to death, and many receiving such physical and moral injury that they can never lift their heads again. While I, 'having obtained help of God, continue unto

this hour' the happiest and most hopeful, and with prospects far brighter than almost any of the children of men. Most certainly, beloved, do I consider the hardest and most trying portion of my life past and gone. I have met, and fought with, and conquered foes of almost every kind; ghastly hunger has often stared me in the face, shouting give—give—when I had nothing; fiery and fierce disease has pulled me down and laid me prostrate, and death has stared me in the face, with no earthly friend near to help or comfort me, and yet 'none of these things could move me' much, for I had always THE FRIEND near, who 'sticketh closer than a brother;' and now, by God's grace, and past experience of His goodness, I feel so strong and steadfast, ever trusting in my Lord, who 'doeth all things well,' that I now rejoice with a joy almost unspeakable.

"*April* 29.—Yesterday one of my dear college friends called upon me—he is now a surgeon in the navy, and has come to Shanghai for a few days in H.M.S. *Sphynx*. We parted last in the Cowgate Dispensary. We went to the hospital together, and he was intensely interested with my patients. Several French army surgeons have attended the hospital with me occasionally during the past months, and declare themselves much interested. I have now a daily attendance of from 250 to 320. Last Monday I was sent for by the 'Taouti,' or chief magistrate of the city, to see the wife of one of his officers. He sent a chair and coolies for me, and I was received with great cere-

mony at the house of the official; and after having tea and pipes brought in, the first of which only I tasted, I was escorted through several rooms to the one in which the household gods were kept, when my patient was brought in, attended by twelve or fifteen women. I proceeded carefully to examine her, and then told the husband that the only effectual remedy was the knife, as she was suffering from abscess of the breast, and I wanted to perform the operation at once, promising to give her chloroform. All the bystanders were horror-struck, as well as the patient herself, at this; not so the husband, he was most anxious to have it done, but no persuasion would induce the wife to submit, and I was obliged to leave, with a promise to put her under a course of palliative treatment, which of course will be less satisfactory and efficacious.

"*May* 15.—I am very busy this week, having two papers on hand—one is on 'Medical Missions,' for the bi-monthly conference; the other, 'Notes on the Physical Causes which modify Climate,' to be read next Tuesday at our meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society. . . I have received a very kind message from some of the leading merchants, offering to pay my salary, and asking me privately whether it would be agreeable to me—they take a deep interest in the hospital. I shall let you know what is decided soon.

"*June* 1.—I have been very busy and anxious the last few days, for dear Sarah has been very ill indeed, and Robert was up the country, and there has been no possibility of sending him any word. God has,

however, blessed the means I used to arrest the disease, and she is now out of danger. My papers on 'Climate' and 'Medical Missions' were well received; and the editorial committee of the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society have written requesting to be allowed to put my paper on 'Climate' into the Society's journal in full; this I have granted, because I hope it may be useful. I have done nothing at the 'Life,' for really I feel afraid of publishing. Do you know that I have a great distrust of what I read in books, *especially* biographies; it is so easy to make an indifferent character look like an angel. The merest shade will often change the whole aspect; and I think you will admit that, as a rule, only the good, the pleasant, the attractive side of the individual written about is given. This is not fair; it is very apt to mislead. It is not so in the case of those characters given to us in the Scriptures. Many examples I could mention; one has just come strikingly before me. . . . . You must not think that I despise biographies; I only aim at putting things and men in their right places, and assigning a true value to each and all. I aim essentially at searching after TRUTH, and whatever has not truth on its side may God help me to destroy!

"In order to be a thorough missionary and messenger of Christ, a man should not only be perfectly familiar with the Word of God, but also have a thorough knowledge, as far as scientific research can carry him, of the works of God; for God's works are

'honourable and glorious, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.' It is not enough for the servant of Christ to know God only in His Word, he should be able to teach others the being, the character, the wisdom and goodness of God in every little plant and insect, in every fossil and blade of grass, and from the extraordinary structure and mechanism in the eye of a beetle, to the centre of those sparkling systems which revolve in the ocean of space, and whose light has required thousands of years to reach our little planet.

"*June* 15.—The warm weather began yesterday, and we shall have it hot till the middle of September; but really I feel the heat nothing to complain of compared with the tormenting mosquitoes, and one with a tolerable constitution, who is willing to learn and submit to a few plain rules for the preservation of health and the prevention of disease, will get along without much difficulty.

"*July* 2.—Many of my friends here, the young merchants, are such good, delightful, gentlemanly fellows, that I am sure you will like them very much. About twelve of us meet every Sabbath evening for reading the Scriptures and prayer. You can scarcely imagine how I value and love these dear fellows, far away from all home influences, coming here, at first, with the prime object of making fortunes. You can fancy how delightful it is to see them coming boldly out from the world and its wicked ways,—alas! so common here, —and planting their foot firmly on the rock of re-

vealed truth, and saying, 'As for me, I will serve the Lord.'

"My house-surgeon is just now laid aside by sickness, so I have all the work to do; there is much illness among all classes, but do not be anxious about me. I can stand a great deal of hard work, indeed, I feel only in my element when both head and hands are as full as they can hold.

"*July* 16.—It is almost impossible to write, on account of heat and mosquitoes; I am literally driven out of my study, and have taken up my station on the veranda up-stairs. This summer is very much hotter than the last, and large numbers of people are suffering more or less from the heat. I have just come in from the hospital, where I was called to see a poor fellow who had fallen from a great height and broken his back; I have done what I could for him, and I think he will recover, though he will have to remain for several weeks in bed. Then I have been to see my patients in the merchants' houses, and find them all convalescent. I have, however, not only to attend to the bodily ailments of my patients, but also to listen to their various trials and annoyances. I have the greatest sympathy for these young men, so far away from the advice of loving mothers and friends, and, indeed, many of them seem to *feel* that I am interested in them. I know what their temptations are, for I have endured them; I know what it is to be without a friend, and without advice and sympathy.

"*July* 31.—Last week, for three or four days, I was exceedingly anxious about Robert; he was taken ill very suddenly, and his state was most precarious; but, thank God, the means I used were blessed, though I cannot allow him to sit up yet. I have had a very busy day; I was out visiting the sick in the morning, and it was so hot that my chair coolies broke down three times, and I was obliged to walk; then I got word that one of the ladies in the American mission had burnt her hand severely, and I had to take a little boat and go across the river to see her. It was a quarter to one when I reached home, and at one I went to the hospital, where two hundred patients awaited me. When I had prescribed for them, and performed several surgical operations, it was nearly four o'clock, and on returning to my study I found a small pamphlet, with a note from the editor of a weekly paper, asking me to write a short review. At half-past seven I had to conduct the weekly prayer-meeting at the chapel, as there was no one else to do it. Then I went up-stairs to see my patients, Robert and Mrs Wilson, who are progressing favourably, and sat down to my pamphlet. Now it is past twelve. This is a specimen of my life at present. Nearly every one is down with the heat; all our mission except Mr Muirhead and myself. Work is life for me, and, thank God, I feel strong and fit for anything, though I sometimes get tired and weary, as you may suppose.

"*August* 3.—Robert improves slowly, but the

weather is not good for invalids. One more month, however, and the worst of the hot weather will be over; but autumn is the most unhealthy here, if great care is not observed. And there is much more mischief done by ignorance, imprudence, and presumption, than one could have an idea of, unless he is a close observer.

"*August* 15.—From what I said in my last letter you will not be surprised to hear that Robert will soon have to return to England. He gradually recovered from his primary illness, but his strength is so reduced that to remain here is entirely out of the question. I need not tell you how grieved I am at this; we have little need to lose such a missionary, so earnest, so devoted to the work, so longing to bring souls to the Saviour—it will be a great responsibility for those who are left behind.

"Last night I was dining out, but only stayed till half-past nine, and I go out again this evening—but do not think I am gay. I only think no Christian man should make himself a hermit, or be exclusive; and by mixing freely with our countrymen here I think I can find opportunities for influencing them in more ways than one. One thing I know, that I often meet with men who will speak freely to me, and are quite ready to listen to me in a non-professional sense, who would either shun the clergyman altogether, or if he were to speak seriously would preserve silence.

"*September* 3.—Our missionary party is breaking

up dreadfully. Mr Edkins is at Tientsin, Mr John at Hankow, Mr Cowie at Chefoo, and Robert on board the *Bethel.* Mr and Mrs Wilson are gone to Japan for a change, as Mrs W. has been very ill. The party who left England in the *Heroes of Alma* has broken up in an extraordinary manner. Poor Mrs Macgowan had a narrow escape from acute dysentery; for two days she hung between life and death, but, by God's blessing and dear Sarah's careful nursing, she is now recovering. There is some talk of building a new hospital, which I expect will be a great improvement on this one. I have declined the kind offer the merchants lately made me—to pay my salary. After much consideration I think it best not to accept it. And if I retain my practice, I hope soon to be able to return my salary to our Society, that is, to support myself by my practice, while at the same time I will never slacken my efforts in missionary work in any way, for although my time is much occupied I could do twice as much if necessary. Pastime and idleness are my greatest misery and distress.

"*October* 4.—I spent a very pleasant evening yesterday with my friend Mr Gamwell, where I met, amongst others, Mr Major, one of the finest old gentlemen I ever saw. He was a volunteer at Waterloo, and has travelled a great deal; I liked him extremely, and I hope we shall become great friends.

"*October* 23.—I have just returned from seeing our loved ones R. and S. leave Shanghai. How very event-

ful and full of thrilling interest have the past two years been to them and to us! I went down with them to Woosung, and returned at half-past six this morning. You may imagine how lonely I felt, returning to the house and finding everything quiet and desolate. But the feeling did not last long, for I betook myself to Him to whom I used to go when under similar circumstances, and He helped me, and cheered me, and comforted me. This was verily only a passing cloud crossing the calm and serene atmosphere of my grateful spirit, and it was soon gone."

Shortly before Mr Dawson left Shanghai he received the following letter from Dr Henderson:—

"SHANGHAI, *September* 10, 1861.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—With the prospect of separation so near at hand, my feelings will not permit me to allow this opportunity to pass without a few words to express the many sentiments which lean upon my heart and compel me, however inadequately, to utter them. I have watched with thankfulness your resignation and Christian fortitude during the past weeks of suffering, when for days your life quivered in the balance, and as each hour struck I had good cause to fear that before the next arrived you would be beyond our reach. But our God has blessed the means used, and now we hope you will again see your native land, and live many long and happy years to do the Master's work, and serve Him with renewed consecration and energy; and especially to forward this great work

which you have so much at heart, and to which two years ago your life and strength were devoted. For some time I had entertained the pleasant prospect of many years of co-operation with you in God's service, He, in wisdom, however, has ordered it otherwise; but though not in the mission field, you can still do much mission work. You will be able to assist and encourage the missionary in various ways, and the crushing mass of heathenism and soul-sinking idolatry that you have witnessed here will fire your soul with deeper zeal, and call upon you, and make you call upon others more loudly and with agony of spirit, to deliver this and other benighted lands from the strong chains of error, superstition, and vice, which hold them captive, the willing slaves of Satan.

"The ways and doings of God we cannot comprehend; that you should come here, and spend many months in close application, and hard study of the language, and just when you were able to proclaim offered mercy and point to the cross, and after snatching two or three brands from the burning, find your strength gone and be compelled to quit the field, and have the high hopes of years dashed to the ground; all this is far beyond our grasp of understanding, and we can only calmly bow in silence to the will of Him who says, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' I shall never cease to bless God for your friendship and the intimate communion which we have had since we left England. I shall look back with pleasure on the months we spent together, both on the sea and at

Shanghai. And now in commencing another year of life, you will remember all the ways in which God has led you, especially, that whom our 'Lord loveth He chasteneth,' and that 'all the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth to such as keep His testimonies.' You know that 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father,' and this gracious God, who does all things well, would never bring you to China, and deal with you in this mysterious, (and without the eye of faith,) severe manner, without a wise and deep design, which we may not yet have discovered. It would seem to me, however, that there is a great work before you in our native land. The Church of Christ is still asleep, the Sun of Righteousness has not arisen, the morning has not arrived, and the Divine Husbandman has not yet come into His garden to eat His pleasant fruit; but 'the dawn of day approaches, the shadows wear away, the sun will soon be rising, to usher in the day, and the wilderness and the solitary place shall soon be glad, and the desert shall blossom as the rose. Now, it seems pretty evident to me that God has shown you many things in order to make you a vessel still more meet for the Master's use, shown you these vile systems of idolatry and soul-destroying error; purifying you in the furnace of affliction; pulling you down to the borders of the grave, so that you might just look across on the wide ocean of eternity and compare it with the poor thin stream of time. Having thus tried you as silver is tried, He prepared you by a special process

for His own special work. I believe you need not me to remind you to 'stir up the gift that is in thee;' or to take heed to thyself and keep thy soul diligently, 'lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thine heart all the days of thy life.' 'Be strong and of a good courage, for the Lord our God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.' 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' 'For all things are yours, and you are Christ's,' and you 'can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth you.' And now I must close with a birthday prayer. 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!'

"Thus will ever pray for you and yours—your most affectionate friend, JAMES HENDERSON."

"*November* 4.—Last Saturday we had a meeting of the trustees and supporters of the hospital in my room. The present site of the hospital is to be sold, and the trustees are going to buy ground and build a new one; also a house for me. The hospital and house will be close to each other, and much nearer the foreign settlement. I have just been to see an architect. The matter is not quite settled yet, but we are to have another meeting the day after the mail leaves, and then the whole will be decided, I have no doubt satisfactorily enough.

"One of my patients, and a very dear friend, died

last Saturday—the Rev. Dr Bridgman of the 'American Board for Foreign Missions.' He came to China in 1829, and has only been absent a few months, so that he is the oldest missionary in China. He is to be interred this afternoon, and I believe the funeral will be large, as he was very much respected by all classes. His end was eminently peaceful and tranquil.

"*November* 20.—The meeting of the trustees and subscribers was very satisfactory. The hospital is to be removed, and a house built near it. In another month I shall have to present the 'Annual Report.'

"We shall be obliged to leave our present houses in the course of two or three weeks, as the ground on which they stand is sold. A new house, on the same plan as ours, is going to be built by the London Mission, and will be a great improvement on the old ones, which are very damp and unhealthy. The rebels are within five miles of the city at present, and have written to the English consul that 'they must have Shanghai, and should the English make any resistance they will come and destroy the whole place.'

"*December* 23.—I am beginning to wind up matters for the year, and am busy with the hospital accounts and reports. We are all uncomfortable here now, as the houses are being pulled down, and the hospital also. I have had to move from my old quarters. We have only one small house now left belonging to the mission."

The annual meeting of the office-bearers and friends of the Chinese hospital was held on January 2, 1862, when the report was read, from which the following extracts are taken :—

"With the Fifteenth Annual Report the Chinese hospital closes its operations on the present site, and perhaps no other or similar institution, in China or elsewhere, has enjoyed a more permanently prosperous career, and has effected more good, or more fully realised the high expectations that its philanthropic founders had in view, than this hospital during the past fifteen years. The native population have shown their full and ever-growing confidence in European medicine and surgery, and the foreign community have proved their deep interest in the hospital by a most liberal supply of funds to meet all its current expenses. Two or three features connected with the hospital seem to me most encouraging. First, the attendance is now more than double what it was ten years ago. Secondly, both men and women are quite ready to submit to any surgical operation declared to be necessary. I have observed a growing confidence in this during the past twelve or fifteen months, and am inclined to ascribe the cause to chloroform, which I give freely to all who are to undergo a painful operation. Thirdly, I observe a much larger proportion of women than formerly, and a greater number of tradesmen and shopkeepers. Lastly, there is one thing which shows I think the favourable change now gradually operating on the native mind, and

undermining their national prejudices—namely, that during the year I have made several *post-mortem* examinations of patients who died in the hospital, and have performed a large number of surgical operations upon the dead body, as tying arteries, amputations, tracheotomy, &c., in the presence of some native doctors and others.

"The work of the hospital has been carried on in the usual way during the year—432 persons have been admitted into the wards, and 38,069 have been treated as out-patients. The largest numbers presented themselves in the month of August, when 4701 attended; the fewest in January, when I had 1716."

After enumerating many interesting cases, with the mode of treatment adopted, the report continues:—

"Although China has reached what some are pleased to call the highest degree of civilisation of which a nation is capable without the gospel, it presents, I believe, more physical suffering, for want of medical knowledge, than any other nation on the face of the earth. The multitudes of sick, and lame, and blind, which crowd the streets of this and other cities, are ample evidence of her deplorable condition in this respect. In an institution like this a good surgeon may almost every day of his life make the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the paralytic whole; besides bringing hundreds together, under the most favourable circumstances, to have the gospel preached to them. I might be allowed to give one

example of the influence which even one successful case exerts, not only upon an individual or a family, but upon a locality or neighbourhood.

"Last spring I operated on a man's eyes for artificial pupil. For several years previously he had only just been able to distinguish day from night, light from darkness. Three days after the operation he was able to read the ordinary character, and on the fifth day he left the hospital. He was a boatman, and lives about half-way to Nankin, on the northern bank of the Yangtsze river. Two months afterwards he arrived again in Shanghai with his boat, and brought six blind people to the hospital, five men and one woman, from his own neighbourhood, and they not only wanted to have their sight restored, but made inquiries about the Christian religion, which, they said, their friend who brought them had told them about. I operated upon five of the six; three of these recovered sight so as to be able to read, two were considerably benefited, but one was past all hope. A large number of junkmen come from all parts of the country, and speaking all sorts of dialects, so that my assistant has sometimes considerable difficulty in making out what they mean. Last spring I had the hospital report of last year translated into Chinese, and a large number of copies distributed among the better classes, which I think led to my being called to visit several patients at their own houses. A rich merchant called me to see his child, who was suffering from gangrene of both

hands and one foot. A graduate also called me in to see his daughter, a girl of sixteen. Three native doctors had been attending, but had pronounced her disease necessarily mortal, and some of her friends had commenced to make her grave-clothes. I found her labouring under one of the most severe forms of typhus fever. There was intense restlessness and delirium, and the case looked very unpromising. I put her under treatment, and, twenty hours after, there was a decided improvement, and convalescence proceeded gradually and steadily.

"Last November, on account of the influx of people to Shanghai, and the consequent great demand for land on which to build houses, it was thought advisable to sell the land belonging to the hospital, there being more than was required, and to purchase a smaller and more central portion near the foreign settlement. A meeting of the trustees and subscribers was called, and it was unanimously resolved to sell the old hospital ground, and to purchase another site on which to erect the hospital, and also the surgeon's house."

At the conclusion of the meeting, Dr Henderson, having intimated that he desired to take advantage of the present circumstances to go to England for a short period, returning to resume his work in the hospital very soon after the building was completed—"It was agreed that the present time was favourable to Dr Henderson absenting himself for a short period, as no hospital work could be carried on at present."

CHAPTER IV.

A Visit to England.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

HAVING obtained the sanction of the Trustees, and the necessary leave from the Directors of the London Missionary Society, Dr Henderson left Shanghai on the 10th of January 1862. In one or two letters he had expressed a strong wish not to leave his work, and had suggested that his intended wife should come out to him. For many reasons this was decidedly objected to, but at last the consent to this proposal was given, and the letter containing her resolution ought to have reached him on the 3rd of January. By a remarkable coincidence, that mail broke down near Penang, and he had started before it arrived in Shanghai; and thus many who would never have had the pleasure of seeing him became acquainted with him; and the memory of his visit, though very brief, possesses a deep and pleasant interest for them. He kept a short journal on the homeward voyage, from which the following extracts are taken :—

"*Hong-Kong, January* 13.—I had a pleasant and prosperous voyage of only three days here; and I am

now staying with Dr and Mrs Legge. I have four or five old friends on board, also on their way to England, Mr Parkes is one, whom I like very much; I anticipate a happy journey with him.

"*Singapore.*—We have had a good run from Hong-Kong; the north-east monsoon is in our favour. We anchored at one P.M. alongside a large wooden pier, and were all very glad, seemingly, to get ashore. We got into little 'buggies,' a small sort of cab with a pony, and were driven five miles to the nearest hotel, but could not all be accommodated, so Mr Parkes and I went a mile farther off to the next, and have been knocking about through Singapore all the afternoon, sight-seeing; a more pleasant or really delightful companion I have never met. We came in a little after six, and at half-past sat down with a company of twenty-three guests, in a large hall. We spent a pleasant hour at dinner, and then went together to our private room, and passed the evening in reading and conversation.

"From Hong-Kong we have had about thirty passengers; this is a very small number, yet it contains some odd specimens of humanity; the character comes out on board ship in all its true colours.

"*Galle, January* 30.—Here I am safe and sound on the beautiful island of Ceylon, in the midst of the spicy breezes, and, better still, nine days nearer dear old England. We reached Penang on the 23rd, at nine A.M. My friend Booth and I set off as soon as we could, and on reaching the shore took a little carriage to visit some waterfalls about six miles distant.

It was very hot, and we had a severe piece of hill to climb in order to reach the falls, but we were well repaid for our labour, as they are 200 feet high, and would be a grand sight if the volume of water were greater. The woody hill we had to climb swarms with tigers. A German gentleman told me that it is estimated that two people are killed by them every three days. We got on board again just before the steamer started, having enjoyed this excursion very much—the ferns and flowers were most beautiful. Nothing of importance took place on the voyage here. I have been rushing about all day, notwithstanding the heat, to see all I can of this beautiful place. I think it is the prettiest spot I have seen, and there is a dryness and elasticity here in the atmosphere that I have not felt elsewhere. The soil is dry, rocky, and sandy, and the place reported to be healthy. I called, with my friend Mr Vale, on the American consul, and he told me that he had lived here twenty-one years, yet he looks as well as possible now. No one could live in India or China that time without bearing the marks of it more or less, one way or another; but islands are, as a rule, healthier than continents. Mr Booth and I propose having another excursion into the country before leaving to-morrow.

"*Str. Massilia, Mediterranean, February* 19.—We reached Suez at two o'clock last Saturday afternoon, and roamed about the place till five o'clock, when the train started for Cairo. We had a beautiful moonlight night for passing through the desert, and

all seemed in very good spirits at the idea of so soon reaching home. We arrived at Cairo at eleven P.M., and there was a terrible rush from the station to the hotel, which we quite took by storm. I got up on Sabbath morning early, determined to have a quiet day, very different from the last at Aden; went out and had an hour's walk, and was much pleased with the picturesque beauty of Cairo, which I will describe when we meet. I was much pressed at breakfast to join a party to the pyramids; but, much as I wanted to see them, and join my friends, my duty seemed plain, and that was to 'remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.' I went with several friends to church, and enjoyed the service extremely; spent the afternoon in my room, and went again to the service at five P.M. Monday—got up at six, determined to make the most of the day. I walked about the city till nearly nine, then Mr Parkes, Major Robinson, and I, went off to the pyramids on donkeys. Our party would have been larger, but we expected to be summoned to Alexandria at three o'clock. We galloped all the way, and, notwithstanding the great heat and dust, enjoyed ourselves amazingly. We had not time to climb the pyramids, but started back again at full gallop, and reached Cairo at two, with our donkeys fairly beaten out.

"Finding we had not to leave till eight the next morning, after an hour's rest, I got another donkey *and set off to* visit the citadel and some mosques.

We left Cairo next morning for Alexandria, which we reached at three P.M., and went at once on board the steamer for Marseilles. We expect to arrive there on Monday morning."

On Tuesday, the 25th of February, Dr Henderson reached England, and after a brief stay in Yorkshire went to Lancaster, where the two families who expected their beloved ones from China met to welcome them. Mr and Mrs R. Dawson had left Shanghai in the *Solent* on the 22nd of the previous October; on the 8th of March a telegram arrived to say the ship was in the Downs, and on the 10th the joyful meeting took place at the house of Edward Dawson, Esq.

One member of that circle writes:—

"Ah! what a day was that in our family history! None of us who were there can ever forget it. The joyous and yet half anxious anticipation, the impatient eagerness as the hour drew near for the arrival of the longed-for travellers, the group gathered in the porch to meet them, the beloved parents, the brother and sister band. Tears and smiles were there, and quivering lips, and warm embraces, and thanksgiving in every heart. Not one of the least happy amongst us was the beloved Doctor; having left China after them, and travelling by the overland route, how pleased was he to be here to give his warm and brotherly welcome to those who had parted from him on those distant shores, worn and enfeebled with sickness, or fearfully anxious with watching and sorrow. I seem even now to see the happy group as

they stood together, he and his beloved, whom he had come so far to claim, and take to her distant home; and the two bronzed thin faces, returned from foreign toil; and I see them, too, as they moved merrily round the magnificent bonfire we kindled on the hill at night, as a token to loving friends far and near that the exiles had returned, and that every heart was rejoicing in their safety. Cheeriest among the cheerful that night was Dr Henderson, the firelight glancing on his 'bonnie' curls and beaming eyes and glowing cheeks, as he lent a hand to pile yet higher the blazing logs and branches that crackled forth their welcome home!

"And the happy days that followed, only, alas! too few, ere the betrothed ones were united for all time and eternity, and started on their long journey; days in which his wise mirthfulness won all hearts, and his noble character, as it quietly unfolded itself in the home circle, was more and more truly appreciated."

Amidst this quiet gladness, Dr Henderson's heart was yet longing to return to his work. Before his marriage he went to Glasgow and engaged passages in the screw steamer *Lotus*, which was advertised to leave early in April. He also visited Edinburgh, and had the pleasure of meeting many dear friends there, and being present at a meeting of the Edinburgh Medical-Missionary Society.

On the 27th of March he was married, and after two or three quiet days in the south of England, he visited, with his wife, many dear relatives and friends. He par-

ticularly enjoyed seeing her grandfather, the Rev. John Clayton, and hearing him preach, and often afterwards referred to this pleasure. Two or three delightful days were spent with Mr and Mrs England, and one at Walthamstow; but he much regretted that the illness of Dr Evans deprived him of the society of these valued friends, as he had gone with Mrs E—— to the Isle of Wight for change of air. In April the travellers went to Glasgow, expecting to sail on the 27th, but, as is not unusual in such cases, the departure of the steamer was again and again postponed. A week was delightfully spent in Edinburgh, where they were joined by their mother and sister and other friends, and greatly did Dr Henderson enjoy showing them the beauties of the city of which he had so often spoken, not forgetting to point out some of the narrow lanes and wynds near the Cowgate, where so many hours of his time had been spent in connexion with his work at the Main Point Institution. The final orders to be on board were given on the 3rd of May. A few extracts from a journal kept during the voyage will show what a pleasant one it was:—

"On Saturday, May 3, 1862, we left the Glasgow station at eleven A.M. We found on arriving at Greenock that the *Lotus* would not sail till Monday, but were advised to go on board, and get all straight before we started. Accordingly we, with our fellow-passengers Mr and Mrs Lockhart, were rowed to the steamer, and spent most

part of the day in arranging our cabins to our satisfaction.

"Sunday was a quiet day. In the morning the Doctor and I had a service in our cosy cabin, as he did not see the way clear to propose a public one so early. Our captain is a Dane, and his imperfect knowledge of English prevents his ever conducting worship, even had he felt inclined. To my great satisfaction, in the afternoón Mr and Mrs Lockhart asked the Doctor if he would be chaplain during the voyage, so he read a capital sermon of Dr Guthrie's, and all seemed to enjoy it.

"On Monday, about one o'clock, signs of speedy departure were everywhere visible; the sun just then, as if to inspire us with hope, shone out beautifully; the signal was given to start, the huge engines began to move, and we were off to China! In the evening we had a delicious walk on deck. We were just past Arran, and Ailsa Crag rose grandly out of the sea, the water was tinged with the most exquisite hues as the sun set in splendour behind the purple hills, and the clouds caught the fading glory and reflected it with wondrous beauty. We glided on so smoothly that we scarcely felt any motion, and often thanked God for His great goodness in giving us such a scene of perfect loveliness, as our last impression of our beloved land. Long we talked of home, and our dear ones scattered up and down; and as we thought of the blessed love, Divine and human, that compassed us about, peace of heart, like the shades of evening,

stole over us, and we felt that we were safe and secure.

"*Monday*, 12th.—Yesterday we had a very nice service in the afternoon. The captain said that all the men off duty might come, and there were twenty-five in all. Seven were second-class passengers, taken out by Mr Lockhart to assist in his works in Shanghai. The service was very simple, and we have since heard that the men were pleased.

"I have had such intense treats in my precious letters which dearest Isabel, with infinite pains, has gathered from my beloved friends; I find one under my plate at breakfast every morning, and the Doctor enjoys them as much as I do. We have recovered from the miseries of our first week at sea, and have formed some pleasant plans. In the morning while James is deep in medical lore, I read aloud to Mrs Lockhart or work, then the Doctor reads to me. We are now enjoying 'More Worlds than One.' After dinner, I have a Chinese lesson, and other books fill up the rest of the day. We have a regular walk morning and evening, and are becoming accomplished pedestrians; our first attempts were very amusing, as there has been a considerable swell.

"*Monday, June* 2.—I did not mention a pretty sight we had last week of a 'Portuguese man-of-war.' The day was lovely when she came in sight, and a beauty she was. The hull was painted in shades of pink and white, and the sail was of a texture too delicate, I should say, to bear much storm We saw

no crew, and were told that the vessel is guided solely by the captain, who takes all the duty on himself of furling and unfurling the sail. We were also told that had we attempted to board and take possession of such a prize, the whole fabric would have melted away, and left in the captor's hands absolutely nothing but a jelly-like substance. We have seen several of these crafts since, and for the benefit of some I may say that they have another name, 'nautilus.' The paper nautilus has a shell, which these do not possess.

"Last Tuesday the sunset was magnificent, such glorious shades of colour I never saw, scarcely imagined, before; every tint from the palest blue to deep violet, and rich rose pink. We sat on deck till ten o'clock, enjoying the cool air; a great contrast to our cabin, where the thermometer is 90°. I so enjoy our evening talks when everything is calm and quiet, and the glorious stars shine out. The other Sunday, as it was too dark to read, James repeated Scripture and paraphrases to me for two hours.

"*Wednesday, July* 2.—Last Sunday was a lovely day, though the sea was rather high. We had our usual services, and the Doctor preached in the afternoon from the words, 'Great is the mystery of godliness.' In the evening we sat on deck a few minutes; it was beautifully starlight, and the tiny moon, three days old, was shining brightly. We were not well pleased, however, to see dark, angry clouds scudding across the sky, and other tokens of a coming squall.

The wind soon rose, the rolling increased terribly, and we had by far the stormiest night we have passed. Every five minutes huge waves broke over the ship, and we could hear the water rushing from one side of the deck to the other. Amidst the roaring of the elements we heard the voices of the mates as they issued their orders, or the clashing of the door that leads on deck as they came up and down-stairs. Of course we did not get much sleep, and with morning came no abatement of the hurricane.

"About twelve o'clock I ventured up-stairs, and stood for about ten minutes peeping through the door. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the sea, mountains high, was driven and tossed by the wind, the spray caught up and carried so high that sometimes it seemed as if sea and cloud were mingled in grand confusion. Every now and then one huge billow, mightier than the rest, came rolling grandly on, with foaming crest, as if intent on destruction, and then a sudden blast of the storm caught and scattered it, sending the drifting spray far ahead. I was fascinated with the wildness of the scene; in our little bark what did *we* seem in this vast, howling wilderness! So small, so insignificant, that had but one of these waves been commissioned, it would have swept us for ever from the sight of Heaven. It was very blessed just then to remember that He who raised up the stormy wind still held the waters in the 'hollow of His hand,' and in that hand we were safe, for He was guiding us to our desired haven.

An end was soon put to my meditations by the descent of a huge wave, that quickly sent me to my cabin drenched through. Of course, being winter 'off the Cape' this was precisely the appropriate weather, nevertheless, I can't say that any one complained when Tuesday morning rose fair and bright, with a clear blue sky, and wee wee waves dancing with joy at having escaped the lashings and tossings to which the day before their brethren had been subjected.

"*Tuesday; July* 15.—After a very stormy week I resume my journal; it has not been possible to write before. On Monday the wind increased in violence; at half-past seven A.M. we could dimly see the Island of Amsterdam from our cabin windows, a dreary barren hill rising from the stormy sea. It was a point we had anxiously looked for, being half way between the Cape and Singapore, and we were very glad the day was clear so that it could be discerned. During the morning the wind rose higher and higher—we heard the waves coming constantly over the ship. Two men were at the wheel, and the sight was reported by the gentlemen to be grand. The ladies kept down-stairs, as we were told we could not stand. However, dinner over, I determined I would see this great sight, and accordingly, equipped satisfactorily, I gained the deck, where I stood with one hand grasping the boards that covered our skylight, and with the other firmly clasping the Doctor's arm. This was necessary, as the wind was *tremendous;* but it was worth any effort to see these

waves. People who have not been into these latitudes have no idea of their stately grandeur, their sweep, their loftiness. Quite different *this* from the last storm—there were no angry rain-clouds, no confusion of sea and sky, no hurry, no chase of billows one after the other. The sky was clear, the sun shining, and these lofty hills towered up in sublime majesty. Huge mountains at the base, then as they rose higher and higher, trembling at their summits, with clear emerald transparency, through which the sun shone with fascinating beauty, or gathering up their strength, rolling over with lordly state, slowly, majestically—these royal waves.

"Captain Lobnitz was quite diverted with my enthusiasm, doubtless looking on them with a less favourable eye, and certainly they did their best to damp my pleasure, for one came suddenly over the side, filling the deck as high as our knees, and rushing from side to side, while we could only hold on more firmly and laugh at the catastrophe. I had just gone down, and was changing my wet clothes, when I heard a tremendous sea come against the stern, followed by a crash, pouring of water into the saloon, then a sudden hush for a moment after the shock. I came to the cabin door, and saw the captain rush up-stairs as white as a sheet, and Mrs Lockhart, who had been sitting under the skylight, drenched with the wave. The glass was broken, and the boards and tarpauling that had been firmly nailed over it were torn away. In another moment the Doctor came down, and I saw

by his face that something serious was amiss. Mr Lockhart instantly joined us, and then we learned that the wheel had been broken to shivers. The man was forced against it and thrown violently forward, shouting, 'Gracious God, the wheel's broken!' and the second mate was thrown down, and for a moment so stunned that he fancied he was overboard. James had just time to get behind the companion-way, and so partially escaped, and then came down to me, not knowing what might happen, for he was not sure whether the stern had not been driven in, or, as the wheel was gone, whether we might not be at the mercy of the furious sea. He did not tell me at the time of the extreme danger we were in, but in his own quiet way took me into our cabin, and spoke reassuring and calming words; when all danger was passed, however, he told me that he had fully made up his mind what to do in case we were wrecked. Very providentially we had a spare wheel, which was hauled out of the hold and fixed in about an hour. We were all a little stirred by this occurrence, and our hearts were full of grateful thanks to our Father for His care. The storm seems to have spent its fury in that sea, for ever since it has declined, and now we have only a roll occasionally to remind us of what we have gone through. We long to enjoy some quiet days, for it is a month since we had our skylight covered over, and only once during that time have we had a meal without the safety boards. It is *quite* dark in the saloon at half-past four, but the

steward brings us a special candle after tea, and we have nice evening readings.

"*Tuesday*, *July* 29, was indeed an exciting day. The captain told us he expected to see land about twelve o'clock, but long before that it was dimly visible. The weather was magnificent, though there was considerable swell, and a grand sight met our eyes when we gained the deck. The bold rocky promontory of Java Head rose proudly from the sea, and sloped down to a silver beach, on which we could hear the gentle plashing of the waves. The foliage which skirted the beach was wondrously luxuriant and rich, and as we neared the shore the prospect became more beautiful. Once within the straits, all our tossings ceased, the huge waves died down into tiny wavelets, then the sea became like glass. The shores had quite a home look, (for we were not near enough to distinguish the species of trees,) and reminded me somewhat of the broken, rocky coast of Devonshire. As we passed on the mountains in the interior rose higher, and many seemed to bear marks of volcanic action. All day we kept feasting our eyes on the lovely scene before us; and as we drew near Anger, about five P.M., we saw native boats in great variety. We anchored for the night; and when all was still, at nine o'clock, we went on deck. Close to us was the little town with its signal lights, and other signs of human dwellings; from the woods we distinctly heard the sounds of birds, and with the evening breeze came delicious spicy odours. At five the next morning I

heard the bell ring on land; and before half-past boats came off with fowls, sweet potatoes, bananas, pineapples, and cocoa-nuts. When we got on deck we found a very busy market, the people spoke English tolerably, and seemed very anxious to persuade us to buy. We were off again before seven, and soon lost sight of the little village and grove of palm-trees.

"*Saturday, August* 9.—After leaving Anger we had a long day's steam along the coast of Sumatra; for about one hundred miles it presented an unbroken line of shore, fringed with palm-trees, a sight inferior in beauty to the rocky shores of Java. On Sunday morning a little boat came along side with a Malay pilot, an elegant fellow with black hair, and mouth crimson with chewing betel-nut. He said we were about thirty miles from Singapore, and we were all excitement to see the long-looked for town. We had our service as usual, and about twelve the shore was visible, studded with white houses with red roofs. Conspicuous amongst them were the beautiful new English church, and government schools, while trees, and hills covered with grass, rose above the buildings. The harbour was crowded with shipping, and was as lively as possible. Directly after dinner the captain went ashore and took the Doctor with him, for we were too impatient to get our precious letters to wait till next day.

"On Monday our ship was surrounded by boats, bringing coral, shells, fruits, and embroidered shawls

and dresses. We were tempted with the coral, it looked so exquisite, laid out in great variety in the little boat, and as we found we could buy a whole cargo for ten shillings we soon transferred it to our ship.

"On Thursday James took me on shore, and much I enjoyed it. The captain offered us his boat, and when we landed we took a buggy and drove to the church, which stands near the sea, in an enclosure nicely planted with trees. It is built of stone, and looks very cool inside. The east window is of richly-painted glass, given by the residents in memory of certain officers, and those at the side have venetians; there is a nice organ, and a font of gray marble. The seats are very comfortable, like large arm-chairs. We next drove up the hill, along a fine road cut in the sandstone, with banks covered with grass and flowers. On reaching the top we had a beautiful view; the harbour with its shipping and islands, and inland a valley luxuriant in palm and fig-trees, with bungalows scattered up and down; the verdure was exceedingly fresh, and most grateful to the eye. We passed along many pretty roads, and came to the town, where native shops, principally Chinese, abound. The people seemed very industrious, some hard at work at their trade, others selling varieties of grain, here and there professional letter-writers in huge spectacles while the streets were crowded with coolies bearing burdens, or more graceful Malays stalking about in a lordly manner under umbrellas.

"On the green near the sea a party of Englishmen were playing cricket; and at five o'clock a regimental band played for the benefit of the residents, who assembled in large numbers, and walked about, or drove in elegant carriages, with native servants decked out in scarlet, blue, and white. We enjoyed hearing the music as we rowed back to the *Lotus*.

"*Hong-Kong, August* 22.—We arrived here on Sunday the 17th, after eight days' pleasant sail from Singapore. I must not forget to mention the sunrise the morning we reached Hong-Kong. A low range of dark clouds, through which the golden light began to stream, as through the bars of a gateway, were flanked on each side by a pillar of black cloud, from which splendid flashes of lightning were emitted, and made one almost fancy these were giant guards of the eastern portals, waiting with drawn swords the arrival of their monarch. We were on deck in very good time, passing by islands with rocky sides, covered with grass. Soon the Victoria Peak came in view, a bold rock more than a thousand feet high, up the sides of which are built the beautiful houses of Hong-Kong. Here and there, on the western side, were country-houses with winding paths down to the sea-shore, and as we neared the harbour the dwellings became closer, and warehouses and Chinese buildings were crowded together. The harbour was full of shipping, English, American, Russian, &c., while Chinese junks, with huge eyes painted in the forepart, varied the scene. About a mile across the

bay is Kowloon, the land recently ceded to the British. It is a low promontory, with lovely views of the bay, and a few miles inland is a fine range of hills, whose abrupt and varied forms testify to their volcanic origin. As soon as we anchored the Doctor went ashore, hoping to be in time for the service at Dr Legge's chapel. Soon after one he returned with Dr L., who most kindly insisted on our going to his house, where we received a warm welcome from Mrs and Miss Legge. At three o'clock I went with Miss Legge to an afternoon service for Chinese women, held in the school-room close by. About thirty-two were present, but the usual attendance is larger; many were kept away by a severe thunderstorm. A Chinese teacher addressed them for about half-an-hour, and prayed with them, and they sang a hymn, to the familiar tune of 'Mariners.' Many of those present belong to the day-school, which is well-attended, and contains some intelligent pupils; they learn to read and write English, and some are members of the native church.

"At seven we went to the English chapel, where James preached, at Dr Legge's request.

"On Monday we went across to Kowloon, and had a delightful walk for an hour. The only habitations are temporary barracks; two houses and the church there were blown down in the typhoon, about three weeks ago, in which fifteen thousand persons perished. As we returned at dusk the town looked very well, rising tier above tier, with lights in all the houses, and

the beautiful phosphorescent light with each stroke of the oar in the water was exquisite.

"*August* 27.—The *Lotus* has been very slow in discharging her cargo, and we are not away yet, but expect to leave to-morrow, so I must tell you of our delightful excursion to the 'Happy Valley' yesterday. At half-past four the Doctor, Mrs Legge, Marian and I, set off in chairs, and were carried and walked alternately for about two miles. The road wound under the cliffs for some time, and the green hills looked most beautiful with the streams pouring down like silver threads; the banks were covered with ferns of great beauty and variety. I hear there are ninety varieties on the island. While this mountain beauty rose on one hand, we had a no less picturesque scene on the other; the harbour with its shipping, the low land of Kowloon, and the hills beyond, on which soft, white clouds rested; after a time we lost this view, and the road was cut through the hill; as we ascended we obtained the sight of more mountains, and on reaching the brow we looked down on a lovely little valley, completely enclosed by hills, except on one side. The grass covering the tiny plain was of the brightest green, and a race-course runs round the extent of it; while sloping up the mountain, on one side, are the English, Parsee, and Roman Catholic cemeteries. We walked round the English one first, where the eye is particularly struck by the large proportion of monuments to military and naval men. Some graves were carefully tended, and flowering shrubs were

growing on them in rich profusion; others again were only covered with grass, though the headstone showed the occupants had been laid there by loving friends; some few had evidently been buried by strangers in the strange land; no one who knew or loved them being left to see their last resting-place marked out or kept in order. There was a peaceful air about this quiet place; a stream ran through part of it, dashing over the rocks, while the cactus, aloe, and other foreign plants grew on its borders, and the everlasting hills cast their shadows over the graves of many noble ones who had done with wandering and weariness, and from the foreign land had gone to the one true home. From thence we went to the Parsee cemetery, which is laid out like a flower garden. We entered at the request of a Parsee, who was walking there, and who gave me a little bunch of orange blossoms. At the upper end of the garden is a sort of large room, with a stone table in the centre, and stone seats round the wall. On the table was placed a small earthenware dish containing ashes, which I suppose had been used for the sacred fire. The tombs are arranged in terraces, and bear inscriptions in English and Persian characters. Our way home wound round the valley, passing a pretty little bridge, under which, at a great depth, a mountain torrent rushed, and through a wood where trees of great variety flourished, there were camellias forty feet high, and a species of oak, the only known specimens of which are found here. We came out again near

CHAPTER V.

Earnest Work.

EARNEST WORK.

MUCH as Dr Henderson rejoiced to return to his work, and to his numerous friends in Shanghai, he found, as, alas! is so often the case there, that even during his brief absence the circle had been broken by the rude hand of Death. To this he refers in a letter written at this time to his wife's youngest sister.

"Till we meet, beloved sister, be of good comfort; let nothing cast you down, for in everything be fully assured that One in perfect wisdom and perfect love is working for the best, and the time will yet come when you shall declare that all was done in love and mercy by Him who cannot err, and that in looking on the past there is nothing which we would have changed or altered in any wise. You know this great and blessed truth, though for the present the trials are not joyous, but grievous; but have patience; still trust in God, for you shall yet have cause to praise Him. Emmie will have given you the account of our voyage. Perhaps she did not mention the dreadful mortality among my friends here; no

less than eleven have died since last February. One of them was the English chaplain in Shanghai, the Rev. Mr Hobson. Alas! alas! how uncertain is life in China."

To Mrs Dawson he wrote at the same time:—

"My Beloved Sister,—Hard work and little time alone could have kept me from writing to you during the last six weeks that we have been in Shanghai. I need not proceed to tell you what a happy and prosperous voyage we had in every respect, as the great journal will have reached you ere this. We are now trying to get our new house in order, and it promises to be very comfortable. The hospital is so convenient for me now, as it is close to the house. How many changes have taken place since this night last year, when I sailed down the Woosung River with you, and bade you farewell in your little cabin! I long for a quiet chat with you over past anxieties, and many joys, and some sorrows. I trust you have greatly enjoyed travelling about among friends in our beloved land. Thank dear R. from me for not neglecting to speak of medical missions."

The improvements in the new hospital are alluded to in the Annual Report for 1862.

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Chinese hospital announces the removal and re-erection of the building on a new and more convenient site, and in a better locality than formerly. The hospital itself has

undergone no essential change, either in appearance or extent, but numerous minor improvements have been made, such as elevating the floors, flooring the large hall with wood instead of brick, and substituting glass for oyster-shell windows. Moreover, having the surgeon's house in close proximity to the hospital is a matter of great convenience, as his attendance is often required at all hours, both day and night.

"Thirty indoor patients with their attendants can be accommodated with ease in the six wards. There is a ward for women, one for domestic servants, one for soldiers, one for beggars, and two for other patients. My chief assistant, Chin Foo, and the hospital native preacher have rooms for themselves and their families over the wards, at the east wing of the building, and the dispensary and hospital coolies have small rooms off the east end of the hall. This hall is exceedingly comfortable, and will contain about three hundred outdoor patients. The surgery is at the west end of it, and here all the medicines are prepared, and the minor surgical operations performed; while the larger operations, amputations, &c., are performed in the centre of the hall."

Two days after Dr Henderson's arrival he began his stated work in the hospital, and soon the number of patients was as large as formerly. The increased space and comfort were much appreciated by him, and many plans he had before been unable to carry out were now commenced. In October the house built for him by the trustees of the hospital was

completed, and greatly did he enjoy the feeling of having a home of his own. He had a severe trial at this time, in hearing of the death of his dear friend, Dr Evans of Walthamstow, who, after being an invalid for some months, was taken Home in the summer. He thus refers to it in a letter to Mrs Evans:—

"SHANGHAI, *October* 22, 1862.

"MY DEAR MRS EVANS,—It was with feelings of no ordinary kind that I read your brother's letter, which reached me three days ago. Although I know well that your beloved husband's death was a great gain, yet when I think of your sad loss, of dear Alfred's sad loss, of my sad loss, for I ever looked upon him as a most true friend, and of the loss likewise which in him the medical profession has sustained—for to our profession he was a true ornament—when I think of all these, I can scarcely realise the sad truth that he has really ceased to be among us. It seems but as yesterday when I was with him at Walthamstow, enjoying his society, often driving out with him to see patients—never did I enjoy life more than during the few months it was my privilege to live under his roof, and never shall I forget how, at great inconvenience, and in the hurry of much hard work, he went to Gravesend this day three years ago, and he alone of all my friends went on board the *Heroes of Alma* with me; and when we finally shook hands the tears started in our eyes, and I stood on board and watched his form till he disappeared in the

distance. Well! we shall go to him after a little season. Earth's partings are not very long; he is now where we all hope to be; he is not lost, but is gone before to wait for and welcome us on that happy shore where partings are unknown. Dear Mrs Evans, accept my deepest sympathy! Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, for He remembereth His children, and He has a special care and interest and love for the widow and the fatherless. He will comfort you and bless you, and keep you in all your ways. My best and sympathising love to dear Alfred, let him look to God as his Father and best Friend, and He will take care of him, and bless him, and make him a blessing to you in your deep sorrow.

"You will be glad to hear that we had a good, and most comfortable, and happy voyage. I believe our journal has been directed to be sent to your mother, so that you will all, I trust, see it. My dear wife sends much sympathising love to you, and with many earnest prayers that you may be much comforted and kept in the peace and love of God and our Saviour, —I remain, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

"J. HENDERSON."

On Wednesday, the 3rd of February 1863, the annual meeting of the friends of the Chinese hospital was held; and after the statement before referred to with reference to the removal of the building, the report continues:—

"The work of the hospital is carried on as formerly. At eight A.M. there is a short religious service in the hall for the assistants and all the indoor patients who are able to attend. At twelve the native preacher and a member of the London Mission begin to read the Scriptures and preach to the outdoor patients. I go into the surgery at one, and examine and prescribe for them, taking ten men and ten women alternately, while the others wait. Cases of accident and serious disease are admitted at all hours. The in-door patients are all examined, prescribed for, and have their wounds dressed, immediately after attending to the outdoor patients. This is the daily work of the hospital for six days every week. Some might think the work uninteresting and monotonous, but to a man who is fond of his profession it is the very reverse; for, apart altogether from the higher motive of healing the sick and helping the poor and wretched according to Christ's command, and after His example, to me there is a deep interest in the work as a whole, and something interesting and new may be gathered from almost every individual case. A better field for watching the progress of different diseases and the effect of remedies could not be found; while the patients on the whole are docile, putting themselves entirely into the hands of the doctor, and submitting, as a rule, to whatever he says is necessary to be done. On my return from England, last September, I found Chin Foo, my assistant, ill, and all hospital work suspended. From April to the beginning of August,

however, there had been a good attendance. In two or three days after I arrived the number of patients was as large as in former years, from one hundred to two hundred daily. I found cholera and dysentery prevailing to a great extent, and proving very fatal."

After detailing the means employed in treating various forms of disease, and giving an account of the most important and interesting cases, the report continues:—

"It would be an easy thing to multiply cases, but those given will afford some idea of the work carried on. I am frequently asked if the Chinese are grateful for what is done for them. As a rule they are not; individuals occasionally express their gratitude: but this is nothing to the purpose, I never came to China to gain the people's gratitude, but to try to do them good; and the man who expects gratitude from the Chinese will be wofully disappointed. But though the people do not show their thankfulness, they cannot fail to see that the aims and objects of the hospital are for their good; and though the influence is silent, it is steady and strong in the right direction, and they certainly have great confidence in the institution and the work carried on in it.

"Much good may thus be done by healing the sick in recommending our holy religion to a people who, above all others, are materialistic, and indifferent about everything beyond their immediate bodily wants; and hence the opportunity is taken by members of the London Mission, and by the hospital native

preacher, of putting before the assembled patients the all-important truths of Christianity, and of giving them portions of Scripture and other books to carry to their homes. And thus, as patients present themselves from almost all parts of the empire, a knowledge of the Christian religion, more or less, is spread far and wide."

The history of many cases treated in the hospital and Dr Henderson's observations in therapeutics, though out of place here, found great acceptance among the professional men who saw the reports, and are highly spoken of in more than one professional work. And though all readers found much to interest them in these brief notices, they were even more valuable to those who, from their medical knowledge, could appreciate the care, the pains and skill which he bestowed on this daily work.

Quiet and accurate in observation, very methodical and punctual, he seemed, to outside observers, to go through it all with the greatest ease; and yet to most men it would have been almost overpowering. One secret of his success lay in his untiring diligence, and constant employment of every moment. Time was a precious gift, never thrown away, and every hour of the day had its own appropriate duties so arranged that they never seemed to clash with each other. He was never hurried in his visits, or late for an appointment, and though very soon after his arrival he was busy from morning till night, he still found time for professional reading, and those studies and

investigations which he considered it his duty, as it was his pleasure, to pursue. Little did some of his patients guess the hours of careful thought he bestowed on them, for he was not one to make a display, oftener concealing his anxiety, and being most reserved on those subjects on which he felt most deeply and tenderly.

His "seventeen years' hard experience" after his mother's death, when he had no one to whom he could pour out his joys and sorrows, had perhaps produced this reserve of his deepest feelings. He knew the world too well to expect or claim much sympathy from it, and yet he was not in the least soured or discontented. He was remarkably genial and friendly, and though, perhaps, some strangers might think him indifferent, or occasionally stern, those who knew him in his own home loved him very dearly. It was there that his character shone in its sweetest, brightest colours, and those who enjoyed the pleasure of his society there will not soon forget the radiance that he ever brought with him. No gloom or shade seemed possible where he was; he was so hopeful and cheerful, always looking on the bright side, always thanking God for His great mercies. To live with him was like dwelling on the mountain side, above all the mists and fogs of lower ground, and his influence could not but be felt as a great help and blessing. The secrets of his inner life were, however, rarely mentioned, except to his wife, and she knew as none else the anxiety and care, the

thought and prayer bestowed on every part of his daily work. Once he said to her, "Do you know, I have never lost a patient for whom I have been specially drawn out in prayer. If I can plead for their recovery with earnestness I *know* God will restore them; but I feel sometimes as if He said to me, 'I cannot grant this prayer, do not ask for life,' and then I never pray for restoration, only that they may be made ready to die." It was beautiful to witness his very simple and child-like faith; his sure conviction that God heard every petition. He often said there was not one thing he had specially prayed for that had not been granted him; and in a note written to his wife, the first Christmas after their marriage, he expresses himself as few can ever do in this world. "Never did Christmas morning dawn so joyfully on this heart as this Christmas. My joy is now complete, my heart is now full, all my longings satisfied, I can wish for nothing more." In his home his heart rested, and he rejoiced very much to welcome there the friends of whom his early letters had spoken. He was always happy when surrounded by them, and was glad of every opportunity of affording them counsel and sympathy. To the opinion of the outside world he was indifferent, as far as it concerned himself. It was not possible that in a community like Shanghai any one, especially a public man, could escape comment. When the criticisms were favourable, he was not elated, when the reverse, he would

quote the saying carved on the gateway of an old castle, "THEY SAY—WHAT SAY THEY?—LET THEM SAY!" adding—"If I do my duty, I care not."

He did not, however, forget the claims of the settlement, for whose welfare he was very desirous. He wrote and spoke much of the necessity of a general hospital for foreigners, and brought the subject constantly before the community; and when one was established, he took the liveliest interest in its welfare. He wrote also on the advantage of a sanatorium for Shanghai, and was never silent when he thought his voice might be heard to purpose.

Though living a quiet, and in some respects a routine life, it was never monotonous; and there was always something fresh and interesting in the hospital, which was his chief delight. He knew exactly how to manage the Chinese, and made himself acquainted with all the indoor patients, spending much time with them, listening to their histories, and through the assistant-surgeon, or hospital chaplain, giving them good advice. Many of them were heard of in after days by letter or message, and if visiting Shanghai would come to "chin-chin" him, and in passing through the streets with him, one and another could be heard saying, "There is the Doctor." His friends will recall many an amusing story connected with the work of the Hospital, yet, notwithstanding the trouble he occasionally had with his Chinese patients, he liked them, and they all knew

slightly prominent tubercles appear, of a very indolent nature, which spread over different parts of the body. Indolent and slowly corroding ulcers appear on the lower extremities, the skin is thickened and hard, and when a tubercle is removed there is often considerable hæmorrhage. After some months the whole skin assumes a dull and puffy appearance, the lips appear thicker, the nose flattened, nostrils dilated and more forward, the teeth are loose, the gums tender and ulcerated, the expression is peculiar, and all the senses appear more or less blunted.

"Throughout the progress of the disease the patient goes about his usual occupation, unless his work is laborious; his general health seems to suffer little; his strongest feeling is desire to rest. In the third stage the patient presents an almost hideous appearance: parts of the face, trunk, and arms are ulcerated, the lower eyelids are everted, the bridge of the nose is broken down, the palate is destroyed, the fingers and toes drop off, and the whole body appears a mass of corruption. This is the only form or outward manifestation of leprosy in this Consular district; it is well known to the natives by the name of *mo fung*.

"The lepra vulgaris, or the 'dartre furfuracée arrondie' of Alibert, is common also, but it is quite different from what I have described. They are specifically distinct diseases, and have no affinity with each other. I have seen the disease commence at the ages of seventeen and forty-six. The most common age is *from* twenty-two to thirty-eight.

"The disease appears fully developed in from one to two years after the first symptoms, when, as a rule, it remains stationary for several years. I have never seen a patient who had it more than eighteen years, and I never saw one who had the disease more than fifty years of age.

"Leprosy seems entirely confined to the lower classes in this province. The great majority of lepers are beggars, but several of these were formerly coolies, and subsequently became beggars from disinclination to work. Two cases which came under my notice were Buddhist priests. With regard to the 'circumstances which favour the development of the disease, I think there can be little doubt but that bad, insufficient, and ill-prepared food is the chief cause of leprosy. For thirty miles around Shanghai, the country is flat, the soil alluvial, the climate is damp and relaxing, the country is intersected by small ditches and canals, and there is much stagnant water, with many paddy fields.

"The dwellings are mere hovels, all on the ground floor, which is not elevated; they are essentially dark and damp; many are formed of bamboo and mud. The personal and domestic habits of the people are filthy in the extreme; indeed, I may confidently say that a majority of all classes are affected with cutaneous disease of some sort. The principal food of the people consists of rice, and vegetables of various kinds; the lower classes eat large numbers of small crabs which abound in the ponds and ditches. All

the food seems ill prepared, and so far as I have been able to learn, those affected with leprosy have been much exposed to malarious influences, have been insufficiently clad, never changing their clothes, or removing them by night; they have, moreover, been living on bad stale food, and any animal food they had was ill prepared, and generally consisted of animals badly nourished, and often in a state of decomposition when used. I may further state, that I have frequently seen Chinese coolies eating dogs and old horses. They use very little salt with their food. I have never known an opium smoker to have leprosy.

"Leprosy does not appear to be more common on the coast than inland; and notwithstanding the suffering and privation of many people in and around this district during the last few years, so far as I can learn, the disease does not seem to be on the increase.

"When the disease is left to itself from six to twelve months, it becomes fully developed, and afterwards may not appear to make much progress for several years. Leprosy does not appear to be hereditary, nor does it seem to be 'dependent on or connected with syphilis, yaws, or any other disease.'

"I have never met with an instance of the disease appearing to be contagious, or of being communicated to healthy persons by direct contact with or proximity to diseased persons.

"*Persons* affected with leprosy are permitted to

communicate freely with the rest of the community. There is no restriction imposed, or segregation, in respect to them. There is no public provision made for the reception and treatment of the leprous poor in this district.

"In the treatment of leprosy my observations have not been extensive. Since 1860 I have treated six cases in the wards of the Chinese hospital, two of which were under treatment for four months. The disease appeared to be checked, and all the symptoms improved the first six or seven weeks; afterwards there seemed to be no improvement, and the patients left the hospital. In treating these cases, I began with saline purgatives; afterwards they were put on a course of iodide of potassium and tincture of iron, with a full diet of rice and fresh vegetables. In one case I tried arsenic, without any success; in another I used mercurial alteratives, which did harm. In a few cases treated since, I have used the Pot. Iodidi et Ferri. I should much like to give a full trial to the seeds and oil of the *Chorul Moogra*, but hitherto have been unable to obtain it. Leprosy as it occurs here, does not undergo a spontaneous cure; and I doubt much whether it can be cured by medicine after the disease is fully developed. I believe, however, that much may be done to modify and keep it in check; but *more* can be accomplished to *prevent* the disease, and were the exciting causes, some of which I have mentioned, removed, the disease I am confident would soon disappear.

"Last May cholera appeared, and for a few weeks threatened to be severe; but the cases began gradually to assume a milder and more manageable type about the beginning of July, and on the whole the summer was healthy compared with others in Shanghai. During January and February a large number of small-pox cases were brought to the hospital, and I was also requested to visit many at their own houses; some of the cases were severe and of a malignant type. Upwards of three hundred children have been vaccinated in the hospital during the year.

"Six hundred and seventy-four in-patients have been treated in the hospital wards during the year; their period of stay has been from two or three days to three months, according to the disease or injury sustained.

"Chin-Foo, my house-surgeon, continues to give much satisfaction. He has been upwards of twelve years in the hospital, is well acquainted with Dr Hobson's works, and may almost be called an expert in the treatment of fractures, dislocations, gunshot and incised wounds; he is also a good apothecary. His brother, Kieh-foo, has been hospital chaplain for ten or twelve years, and though he lacks the natural talents of his brother, he is earnest and persevering. At various times during the day he speaks to the patients in the several wards of the all-important truths of Christianity, and every day from twelve to two o'clock he reads the Scriptures, and publicly preaches to the outdoor-patients

in the large hall. Some of these are from distant provinces. I may state, moreover, that as the fruit of his labour during the past year, thirty individuals have been baptized under Mr Muirhead's superintendence, who heard the gospel first preached by Kieh-foo in the hospital."

After a long list of interesting cases the report concludes with the following sentence:—

"In the quiet performance of our daily duties, we are *not* responsible for our measure of success; but we *are* responsible for the character of our motives. Present duty only is ours, events belong to God. It is our great privilege to leave all results of our work, and the issue of all events, to the disposal, and in the hands of infinite wisdom and benevolence; and thus, whatever our sphere of work may be, we can all look forward to that great day of universal recognition in the kingdom of our Father, when the meanest labourer in the 'Master's' service shall receive his or her reward, and when 'both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.'"

After hearing the report it was proposed and seconded—

"That the treasurer's account, with the account of expenditure, be passed; and that the report of the proceedings for the past year now read be adopted by this meeting, and printed for general circulation."

Here the chairman made some remarks on the

satisfactory state of the hospital funds,* and also suggested the possibility of such an efficient hospital being made a medical school, in which intelligent Chinese youths might be taught medicine and surgery. Several gentlemen present joined in the conversation, and ultimately it was decided that these matters should for the present be left to the arrangement of the medical officers.

In an appendix to the report Dr Henderson introduced a letter on "Medical Schools in China," with his reply, as they threw light on the subject discussed at the meeting. Having a general interest, they are inserted here.

Medical Schools in China.

This subject was discussed in the autumn of 1863, in letters from various correspondents which appeared in the daily and weekly papers. In a leading article in the *North China Herald* of September 19, 1863, after some remarks on preceding letters, the editor (who has a good knowledge of the Chinese language) writes as follows:—

* The following table, taken from the printed reports, shows how the funds had gradually increased during the period Dr Henderson had charge of the hospital.

		Taels		Taels	C.
1860	Subscriptions	580	Donations	148	75
1861	„	700	„	102	50
1862	„	1210	„	110	
1863	„	1300	„	1125	
1864	„	1325	„	& { 150 / 188	(dollars.)

"It is certain that a more immediate effect would be produced on the masses by practically exhibiting the advantages of western civilisation, than by attempting to introduce a new doctrinal system. Many years must elapse before the superiority of western religious tenets and forms of worship can be universally acknowledged. But the results of medical and surgical science are so patent, and in many cases so immediate, that the attention is arrested, and conviction is forced on the spectators. Speculative truth will doubtless find a more ready acceptance when the mind has been prepared by a conviction of the skill and superiority of the teachers, and thus a mission with which an hospital is connected has the opportunity of prepossessing the minds of those to whom it offers the blessings of Christianity. At Peking, at Tientsin during the occupation of the English army, and in Shanghai, the most encouraging results have invariably followed from the exertions of the various medical men who have devoted themselves to the work.

"It would be only natural to expect, that were the present hospital system extended, and a number of intelligent native youths admitted to clinical lectures, the reputation of the western foreigners would be enhanced, and the blessings of healing extended to many to whom they are now denied. The simpler maladies, such as fevers, might easily be treated by native practitioners who should have had a preliminary education in a medical school, while skin dis-

eases—the great curse of China—would in a few generations cease to be universal. Surgery in its simpler branches—the treatment of surgical diseases not demanding important operations—might be intrusted to men trained under the eye of a competent foreign surgeon. These men, advancing into the interior, would carry with them the fame of the foreign teachers, and could not fail to prepare the way for the reception of the peculiar tenets taught by the Missionaries.

"We have thus far insisted on the advantages accruing to the Christian missions from the inauguration of schools in which the results of modern science might be laid open to the benighted natives of China. The same arguments apply to the general advance of civilisation, and to the effect which would be directly produced on the reception and appreciation of western moral and political philosophy. Very soon an increasing desire for knowledge on the part of the more educated natives would demand instructors in other branches besides those essentially medical and surgical. A college would thus spring up, and chairs of chemistry, natural history, and natural philosophy would soon group themselves around the chairs of anatomy, physiology, medicine and surgery. But, both as being more practically useful, and as more likely to attract attention and admiration, medicine and surgery should be the subjects first taught. The rest would soon follow. No one will deny that this would be a more decided step towards regener-

ating China than any attempt that has yet been made to save the country from the depredations of the rebels. What China wants is to be saved from herself, from her own effete institutions—debased morality and utter ignorance. Reasoning from precedent also, the establishment of medical schools would seem likely to prove of vast advantage. The various English schools in India have sent out many men of erudition, and amongst the alumni of Calcutta Medical College are to be found men perfectly capable of treating disease in all its forms. The same system might be extended to China. One generation would afford ample time to set the scheme working, and from that period the steady advance of the country in knowledge, civilisation, and refinement might confidently be anticipated.

"We could not be accused of selfish motives in pursuing such a course. The Chinese are well aware that all the operations now so energetically carried on against the rebels are undertaken for our own protection, and for the security of our trade. But no motive save pure philanthropy could be traced under the attempt to introduce foreign scientific knowledge into the country; no advantage to ourselves would be apparent, save that of raising China and making her more worthy of our alliance. Yet it must be apparent to us that any proposal which even remotely seems to tend to the opening up of the country demands our support. From motives of pure self-interest, we are thus urged towards aid-

ing in the emancipation of this land from the trammels of ignorance and imbecility, in which it now lies bound."

In reply to the foregoing article Dr Henderson wrote the following letter:—

To the Editor of the "North China Herald."

"SIR,—Your article on Elementary Medical Schools in China, which appeared in the *Herald* of the 19th ulto., seems to me to contain several suggestions to which I should like to refer, especially as you say, you wish 'to obtain a verdict as to the value of these schools,' and nothing is more desirable than to have the opinions of residents here on this important and interesting subject,—men of good judgment, who have been several years among the Chinese, who know something of their natural capacities and aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and who would be willing to aid in promoting the best interests of this badly governed, down-trodden, but most interesting and misunderstood people.

"I fully agree with you in saying that, 'what China wants is to be saved from herself, from her own effete institutions, debased morality, and utter ignorance.' The people of China must first be taught their own ignorance; taught to know how little they really do know, for this is the first real step in the progress of knowledge, in the education of the individual as well as of the nation; it is, moreover, the most difficult

step to reach, and which China has never yet approached by a long way. One of the best methods of teaching the human mind is by *contrast;* this method of teaching has been adopted by the greatest sages of our race in all ages. The Chinese, especially, appreciate and comprehend this method more than any other. No people are more ready to compare this thing with that, contrast them together, and form a judgment as to which is number *one* or number *two*, and hence I have no doubt that, were the two systems of medical art—that of Europe and that of China—fully explained, and held up in their practical utility before the judgment of the intelligent Chinaman, he would not hesitate to give a verdict in favour of the former; and after due investigation he would grin broadly at the absurdity of his predecessors, in their belief of the doctrines of the pulse and other vagaries connected with the practice of medicine.

"There is no doubt whatever, but that well organised medical schools, connected with hospitals, and conducted by able and judicious men, would succeed admirably in China. The difficult question is, what is the best method of conducting these schools? Strictly speaking, Chinese scholars *only* are properly qualified to give an opinion on this matter; in other words, those only who are proficient in the Chinese language, are competent to judge whether it would be best for edification, to teach medical and other

sciences in Chinese or in English. In a paper on 'Chinese Medicine,' I mentioned that Dr Hobson, when composing a work on pneumatics, 'had to *invent* names for oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbonic acid gas,' &c., &c. New names had also to be invented before the electric machine, galvanic battery, air pump, thermometer, barometer, &c., could be explained or described. In optics, solar light, the radiation of heat, indeed in all the natural sciences, they have not got beyond the A. B. C. Nothing is known of chemistry, and hence the difficulty to explain the composition of different substances is all but insuperable. When translating works on physiology, anatomy, surgery, chemistry, midwifery, and natural philosophy, an immense number of new names had to be invented, names, moreover, which only convey the idea of what is meant to be taught in a most vague and imperfect manner, *even to the best Chinese scholars;* and which convey no meaning at all to ordinary readers. I speak advisedly, for I have been at some pains to investigate this matter as fully as possible. I have questioned the best Chinese scholars in this quarter regarding the matter; and the deliberate opinion is that, in order to teach the Chinese any western science fully and intelligently, *it must be done, not in Chinese, but in some European language.* This being so, the first thing to be done is to instruct those Chinese who are to be taught Western science in some European language, and this

is not an untried experiment; it *has* been tried and has fully succeeded. I spent a year at Edinburgh with Wong Fun, a native of the Quang-Tung province. He was the first, if not the only Chinaman who has graduated in any European University. He took the degree of doctor of medicine in August 1855; and in the University competitive examinations for prizes, he carried off two, if not more, first class prizes from hundreds of students whose advantages far exceeded his own. And having met him in practice, and seen him perform surgical operations, I can confidently say that there is not a medical man in China now, who has a better knowledge of his profession in all its branches than Dr Wong Fun.

"Now what was done with this man may, and can be done for others. Chinamen are essentially like each other, and this man belonged to the middle, if not to the lower class of Chinese. In order, then, to teach a Chinaman medical science in his own language, a perfectly new vocabulary must be first provided for him; then he is to be taught this new vocabulary, a task which would be equal at least to that of teaching him English. Those who differ from me here I would ask, how much an English peasant would learn of medical science if set down in a professional lecture-room in one of our metropolitan hospitals, without having first a tolerable knowledge of Latin, and a good English education? Every

second or third word pronounced by the lecturer would be to him utterly unintelligible. The 'men perfectly capable of treating disease in all its forms,' on leaving Calcutta Medical College, are men who have been taught English, and *have been taught their profession in English*, it having been found impossible in India, as it will be in all other Eastern nations, to find words and phrases that will convey intelligently and fully the ideas which abound in abstruse Western philosophy, and natural and medical science. I have men with me now in the Chinese hospital, whom, I believe, if taught the English language would make both excellent surgeons and physicians, but whom, in the present circumstances, I have no time to teach. One man, especially, has been in the hospital more than ten years, and has a great amount of *practical* knowledge, but is destitute of the scientific part, without which no man can be a safe or successful practitioner. Chinese hospitals have done, and are still doing, great good amongst the people, but they will always be imperfect until every such hospital is also a medical school. Theory and practice must always go hand in hand in learning a profession. But first of all, good schools are wanted, wherein intelligent youths may be taught English, and the rudiments of natural science, in order to prepare them for professional instruction. Several years ago, at Ningpo, Dr Macgowan, (an American missionary,) with a fair knowledge of the Chinese language, in connexion

with an hospital in that city, lectured regularly on medical science for several years to a number of youths connected with his hospital, but never any good came of it; those youths, *seemingly* interested, did not understand or comprehend half he said, and the whole thing collapsed; whereas, if he had *first* taught them his own language, and *then* taught them his own profession, more than one would have been ready to take his place, and carry on his work when he left China. Other similar examples might be cited, but I have already taken up too much of your time and space; I earnestly hope, however, that medical schools for the Chinese will not be lost sight of by those who have the welfare of the people at heart.—I am, yours,

"J. HENDERSON."

The following letter is inserted by Dr Handyside's kind permission; it was addressed to Dr Henderson after receiving his last hospital report and paper on "The Medicine and Medical Practice of the Chinese." It arrived in Shanghai after he had gone to Japan, and was therefore never seen by him:—

"11 HOPE STREET, EDINBURGH, *June* 6, 1865.

"MY DEAR DR HENDERSON,—I am in receipt of your excellent article on 'The Medicine and Medical Practice of the Chinese,' (in the December number of the *Asiatic Journal*,) and of your 1865 report of

the Chinese hospital at Shanghai. It is truly interesting to observe that Sir H. Parkes has been in providence sustained and spared amid so many dangers, to preside at your annual meeting. Your cases and illustrative woodcuts reflect great credit upon yourself, the Edinburgh School, and Medical Missionary Society.

"Do you send to the editors of the London, Dublin, and Edinburgh medical journals copies of your published papers? Might not your doing so encourage these editors to forward (for science' sake at least) the great cause you have at heart? Pray forward to me, or any other member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, for publication in our 'Proceedings,' a narration of your most interesting cases, with remarks. You are certainly doing a great work, and I am only sorry to find that the profession do not know enough of it.

"Your essay contains much valuable matter, and is well worthy of being printed separately, and widely circulated.

"With our united kind regards to Mrs Henderson and yourself—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"P. D. HANDYSIDE."

Just at this time an opportunity presented itself of accomplishing two objects dear to Dr Henderson's heart: one, that of securing to the hospital the efficient oversight of another physician in the event

of his own illness or temporary absence; the other, to relieve the funds of the London Missionary Society from his own personal claim for support.

A medical friend wished to leave Shanghai for two years, and proposed that Dr Henderson should join himself and Dr Johnston in partnership. Dr Johnston was a dear friend—who had, with the exception of a few months, resided with Dr Henderson since 1863, — well acquainted with the whole routine of the hospital work, and taking a deep and earnest interest in its success, having since 1861 been personally conversant with its operations.

After much consideration, Dr Henderson consented to the arrangement, with the full and explicit understanding, that if he left for a short rest, his friends would undertake the work of the hospital, and carry it on in every particular according to his plans. Having made this arrangement with his professional friends, Dr Henderson wrote to the foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society, informing him and the Directors of the step he had taken.

"SHANGHAI, *March* 7, 1865.

"MY DEAR DR TIDMAN,—Many thanks for your kind letter of January 10—just received. I should have written to you long before now had I not believed that your correspondence is so extensive that

without something important to write about I had no right to encroach upon your time.

"I am glad to be able to tell you that the work in the Chinese hospital continues to prosper, and that I believe not only much is done to alleviate suffering, but also that much good is done in the way of making known the Saviour and the great plan of salvation to the patients who attend. You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that during the past year (1864) thirty people have received baptism under Mr Muirhead's superintendence, who first heard the gospel preached, and who were taught the doctrines of the Cross, in the hospital by the hospital chaplain, Kieh-Foo. About twenty thousand individual patients have been treated in the hospital during the past year, and all of these have heard the gospel preached. The report of the hospital is now in the press; I will send you a copy or two by next mail.

"At the beginning of this year Drs Sibbald and Johnston and I arranged to aid each other, and to work together in the practice of our profession.

"Finding that I could not live in Shanghai on the salary allowed by the directors, and after explaining this to the Board without effect, I was unwillingly obliged to give myself to medical practice among the English and other foreign merchants at this port. My practice increased rapidly,

so that now I do not intend to draw any money from the Society for my own use, from the commencement of the present year. Hence, as other missionaries receive acknowledgments for preaching to foreigners, I have been obliged to practise among foreigners, China being perhaps the most expensive mission field that there is; Shanghai, especially, is declared to be not only the most expensive port in China, but during the last three years the most expensive place in the world, so far as the necessaries of life are concerned. Be assured, however, that I shall never allow my English practice to interfere in any way with my hospital work, as my chief delight is to labour among this poor, afflicted, but most interesting people, and so long as I remain in China I should never give up this good work among them, or cease doing all I can to alleviate their sufferings, and to bring them together, under the most favourable circumstances, to hear of the love of Christ, and to have the gospel preached to them.

"On the whole, missionary work prospers as much as we might expect, under the superintendence and great activity and devoted energy of Mr Muirhead. No man, however, can long sustain the amount of work which he takes upon himself, as every Sabbath he preaches at least twice in English, and twice in Chinese. He ought to have an active and most devoted colleague, who would in all things co-ope-

rate with him in his works of faith and labours of love.

"At present I am looking out for a house suitable for an asylum or school for orphan children. Numbers come to the hospital homeless and friendless, with no disease beyond destitution, and for these I wish to do something. My dear wife wishes to superintend the institution, and, with the aid of two or three friends, I think we shall be able to benefit a few of these poor creatures. But I must close this letter, as I have said more than I intended, and with very kind regards, in which Mrs Henderson heartily joins; and if my little daughter could speak I doubt not she would also.—I remain, my dear Dr Tidman, sincerely yours,

"J. HENDERSON."

Scarcely three months after this letter was written Dr Henderson was struck down by severe, and, as the sad result proved, mortal illness. During weeks of pain and weakness, one of his greatest alleviations was to know that his beloved work was uninterrupted, and that the arrangement he had providentially made secured efficient professional attendance for the hospital. From June to October Dr Johnston took sole charge, for, when the sad intelligence that Dr Henderson's work on earth was finished reached the trustees and supporters of the hospital at Shanghai, Dr Johnston was unanimously

elected to fill the vacancy, until a more permanent appointment could be made; and after the death of Dr Gentle, who had been chosen as Dr Henderson's successor, but who only held the post from October 1865 to May 1866, the trustees offered him the appointment for two years, which, from his deep interest in the work, he gladly accepted.

CHAPTER VI.

Earth Exchanged for Heaven.

EARTH EXCHANGED FOR HEAVEN.

In March Dr Henderson began to carry out the plan which for some time he had been desirous to commence. He established an orphan school for boys, who were often brought to the hospital in a miserable state of poverty and sickness. A house desirable in every way was most kindly given for his use by his dear friend Thomas Hanbury, Esq., one of the trustees of the hospital; and four boys were at once placed there under the care of a Christian Chinese. Soon the numbers increased to ten, and the change that took place in the poor little fellows was surprising and encouraging. It was the Doctor's intention to have taken in twenty or thirty children, to have them taught to read and write, and instructed in some useful trade, but he was not permitted to see the fulfilment of his kind designs. It is pleasant to know that they are still cared for, being under the supervision of a lady, who, from her long residence in Shanghai, and devotion to the work among the Chinese, is admirably qualified to train them wisely and well.

As the warm weather approached the Doctor seemed to lose strength, and began to feel that a change for a few weeks was necessary. To his beloved mother he wrote in May—"I have made up my mind to go to Japan this or next month. I want a decided change, I have not been quite well for a year now." Often during the spring he spoke as if he should not live long. "I come of a short-lived race," he used to say. "I shall not be surprised if I do not live to be thirty-six." There was also to be noticed in him an extra attention to little matters of business, and everything was so arranged, and in such perfect order, that he seemed like one waiting and listening for an expected voice to call him hence—yet these presentiments had no effect on his spirits, he was bright and cheerful as ever, for to him the thought of death was always sweet. "I have learned to love life the last five or six years," he said one day, "but before then, I used to think that the happiest news I could receive would be, 'You shall die to-morrow,' and death to me is only like going out of this room into another."

Often when he had been reading the Holy Scriptures a sweet and heavenly look came over his face; enough to fill other eyes with tears, so much did it seem to foreshadow that he was not to be long before he saw the beauties of the heavenly city, "over whose walls," to use his own quaint expression, "he sometimes peeped."

It was

"The shining
On the beloved face,
As if a heavenly sound were whiling
The soul from its earthly place.
The distant sound and sweet
Of the Master's coming feet."

On Saturday the 3rd of June he came in from his daily work at the hospital quite exhausted, and speaking of an operation, said—"If it had lasted two minutes more I should have fainted." The work he so dearly loved there was the last he engaged in on earth. The following day he was very ill, and his dear friend and medical adviser Dr Johnston pronounced him suffering from low fever, which in two or three days assumed a typhoid character. The disease exhibited itself in extreme prostration more than in any other form, for the head was clear, the mind unclouded; and those who were permitted to enter the sick-chamber will remember the unselfish cheerfulness, the tender consideration for others, that made it a true privilege to be allowed to minister to him. Still surrounded with his favourite books, and entering fully into all around him, he seemed "only to need strength," and this it was fondly hoped might be restored by a sea voyage, and visit to Japan. Accordingly, on Wednesday the 14th of June, arrangements were made for leaving Shanghai, but they could not be carried out, as the accommodation on board the steamer was not suitable for an invalid; but after the lapse of a fortnight, during which his strength rapidly declined, the offer of some

kind friends, Mr and Mrs Cheshire, to give up for his use the stern cabin in a fine vessel that was just starting for Nagasaki was gratefully accepted, and at two hours' notice everything was prepared for his departure. At first he was very reluctant to go, but at last yielded to Dr Johnston's entreaties, saying, with very touching gentleness,—"If you think I ought, I will go;" but though he was outwardly cheerful, he seemed to have a presentiment that he was leaving home for ever, for his faithful Chinese assistant mentioned afterwards that when he was sent for to receive some orders about the hospital, the Doctor having told him all he wanted, said—"Good-bye, Chin-foo, I shall never come back again." He was carried down-stairs in the chair in which he was conveyed to the river; and for a moment outside the door the bearers halted while he bid good-bye to his little "Daisy," who in the arms of her native Amah looked half amazed at the bustle around her, till, seeing so many who loved her with tearful eyes, she seemed to understand that something sorrowful was going on, and a troubled look crept over the sweet wee face, on which the father looked for the last time on earth.

The servants and assistants in the hospital stood round with anxious faces, little thinking they would never again see the master they so much valued, but the hurry of the departure was perhaps good for some reasons, in that it spared painful partings from many friends. He was accompanied by two

to the ship, and when they had tenderly placed him on the couch in the large airy cabin, and he said that already the air had refreshed him, they left, hoping and praying that he might soon return strong and well as ever. By reason of head winds the voyage occupied nine days, but on the whole the weather was favourable for an invalid. Nearly every day he was carried on deck, and every attention was shown by his kind friends Mr and Mrs Cheshire and by the captain, and the sailors seemed to esteem it a privilege to be allowed to carry him up and down stairs. Weak as he was, he was quite the life of the ship, and his easy-chair was the centre of happiness on deck. But no strength came with the cool, fresh breezes; the nights were very weary and restless, the appetite failed, and the longing after home and his little child became intense. Immediately on landing at Nagasaki he was carried to the Belle Vue Hotel, where a room had been prepared for him; and his friends Dr Head of H.M.S. *Barossa*, and Dr Lilburn of H.M.S. *Leopard* called, and gave him from the first their best skill and kindest attention. He seemed at once among friends, for the day had not passed before messages and notes arrived offering help, or luxuries that might tempt his appetite; and this thoughtful consideration was most warmly appreciated by him, and constantly did he express his gratitude that in a strange place he found so much to soothe and comfort him. At first the doctors hoped that he might rally from the severe attack, and for a day or two he

seemed stronger, but on Sunday the 16th of July he was very ill indeed, and expressed for the first time the feeling that he might not recover. The following day, however, he rallied, and continued better all the week. He looked forward with special pleasure to the daily visits of his medical friends, and after answering their inquiries in as few words as possible, he would start some subject that interested him, and converse with as much clearness and calmness as in the days of health. He much enjoyed the frequent calls of the Rev. C. M. Williams, the chaplain at Nagasaki, and the Rev. Mr Verbeck, connected with the American Mission, who often spent half an hour with him, cheering the weary days by converse about the subjects dearest to his heart. And whenever he felt equal to the effort, he liked to speak to those who called to inquire after him, never wearying them with a history of his own sufferings, but leading them with his accustomed kindness to some pleasant topic, so that they usually went away believing that "he must be recovering, to be able to talk so cheerfully."

His patience was wonderful, for he had much to endure. The extreme prostration to which he was reduced was at first, to use his own expression, a "terrible humiliation," and the long and weary nights were very distressing. Sleeping draughts seemed useless, and the intense restlessness was worse than pain; yet sooner than disturb the watcher, he would remain long without moving, and when obliged to ask for a change of position, would do so with

tender apologies for being "troublesome," that were touching to hear.

During this week the *Barossa* was ordered away on a cruise, and he had to bid farewell to his kind friend Dr Head; but before he had to leave, the *Osprey* came in, and Dr Caldwell took his place, devoting the same attention and skill to the case. His opinion was evidently unfavourable, and after the lapse of a day or two, during which more alarming symptoms manifested themselves, he advised speedy return to England as the only chance for prolonging life. On Sunday the 23rd Dr Henderson was very ill, but spoke cheerfully of the prospect of going home, and of his many and beloved friends there. "I feel my work in China is done," he said, "but God will find me something for Him to do at home I hope." Little did he think, as the quiet shadows fell that evening, and the glory of the sunset bathed the hills and sea in beauty, and as the song of "Jerusalem the golden" soothed him to sleep, that before the next Sabbath closed, his eyes would "behold the King in His beauty," and he would be walking the streets of the celestial city.

The next week passed with but little change, except that the power to take nourishment almost ceased, the stomach rejecting every kind of food. On Saturday the 29th he was greatly cheered by a visit from Dr Legge of Hong-Kong, and in the evening his kind friend Mr Glover called, to induce him to leave the hotel on the following Monday and

try the effect of the air on the hill where his pretty bungalow was situated. The proposal was gratefully accepted, and the prospect seemed to cheer the invalid as he thought this step might be the first on the journey home. But the night was more than usually trying, and towards morning a little difficulty of breathing was noticed; yet with his usual forgetfulness of self he said, "I don't mind being left,—do go to church;" but this was put aside, and the "little service" was held as usual in his room. He listened with great pleasure to the Psalms cxxi. to cxxxii., and said, when the reading was finished, "How very sweet," and after resting a little he suggested that "it would be delightful if Dr and Mrs Legge would come in the evening, and we could all have the Lord's Supper together." After church these kind friends called, and Dr Legge had a delightful conversation with him. He seemed, however, more wearied than usual, and nothing was said about his proposal for the evening; and when this was alluded to afterwards, he said, "I am glad you did not mention it, I scarcely feel able for it."

About four o'clock, complaining of shortness of breath, Captain Pendleton, who occupied an adjoining room, and who had shown the utmost kindness and attention from the first, was called to lift him into the easy-chair. As this was being done, the Doctor fainted. As remedies were being used for restoration the doctors entered, and the means they recommended were for the time successful; they left in about half

an hour, after he had been laid on his couch, promising to return in an hour or two. Captain Pendleton also withdrew, and then the Doctor's voice was heard, slowly and with difficulty, praying with utmost tenderness for his wife, his little child, and all he loved, and with most childlike trust committing his soul to Jesus. Again the struggle for breath came, and he gasped, "Two more of these will be death; raise me." He was lifted gently, and the beloved head, rested on the heart which had been so infinitely blessed with his great deep love, and looking for a moment with his own bright smile, he said,—"Oh beloved! if kindness could cure me, how soon I should be well!"

At that instant the change came over the features that no one can mistake. Captain Pendleton was hastily called; as he entered the room, with slow, faint voice the Doctor said—"You are very kind, God will reward you." These were his last words. He lay quite still, and did not seem to suffer as the breathing became easier. One knelt beside him with the dear hand clasped between her own, while Captain Pendleton gently fanned the brow. How time passed on they knew not, for time was lost in the near presence of eternity; there came around a holy hush and stillness, and no sound disturbed the silence of that quiet room. It was no place for weeping or for words; peace unbroken was there, and Divine strength both for him who was crossing the river and those who watched him on the banks. Only once was a

question asked, "Darling, do you know me?" and a tender movement of the hand indicated "Yes!" then all was still. It almost seemed as if the Lord were standing beside His servant, and holy angels with Him, so much did the watchers realise the presence of unseen things; and it was manifest to them that a glorious vision was given to the faithful pilgrim just before his foot was planted on the eternal shore, for suddenly his eyes opened, a look of intense delight, surprise, and unutterable peace shone in them, and then "the quiet eyelids closed," and without one sigh, the spirit was with God.

The next morning all the flags on the English ships in the harbour were flying half-mast high. At five in the afternoon the large room in the hotel was crowded, where a short service was held by Dr Legge, before the coffin was carried to its last resting-place in the beautiful little cemetery. The procession was greatly increased outside, as nearly every foreigner in Nagasaki paid this last token of respect to one who seemed, to use the expression of one of his kind doctors, to be "loved by every one who knew him." If he could have chosen the place or mode of burial, none would more have accorded with his own ideas of simplicity and love of quiet beauty. There were no trappings or outward show, no plumed hearse or dismal coaches; in the calm beauty of the summer evening the little band threaded their way by the side of a stream that runs between two hills, and ascending slightly, reached the place, shaded by

lovely trees: there they stood with the everlasting hills around them and the blue sea in the distance; and in the holy peace of day's decline, committed to the tomb the dear remains, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

When the grave was visited the next day, some hand, loving though unknown, had already planted two rose trees, and the care of others has been since bestowed, so that the place is bright with flowers, and a broken column has been erected, on which is the following inscription:—

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF
JAMES HENDERSON, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.,
OF SHANGHAI, CHINA,
WHO DIED JULY 30TH, 1865. AGED 35.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

When the news reached Shanghai of Dr Henderson's decease, it caused universal sorrow. Those who *knew* him mourned truly; and those who were only acquainted with him by report, felt that an earnest and sincere man had been taken from their midst. The best expression of the general sympathy is found in the following quotations from newspapers published in Shanghai, the report of the next hospital meeting, and a resolution passed at a meeting of the North-China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. The notice taken of the sad event by the committee of the Edinburgh Medical-Missionary Society is also inserted in this place.

died of typhoid fever

The *North China Daily News* contained the following notice:—"Dr Henderson did much for the Shanghai community, by rousing it to a sense of the danger in which it stood from climate and other elements of disease and death. His 'Shanghai Hygiene,' will be a text-book in this place for many years, and will of itself tend to preserve the memory of one who, in all relations in life, proved himself an honest man and a sincere Christian."

The *North China Herald* of August 19th says,—"Dr Henderson had rendered himself highly popular with a large section of the foreign community, and had done good service by the publication of a little handbook of medical advice, especially suited for residents at this port. He left Shanghai some weeks ago after a severe attack of typhoid fever, and it was hoped that in the healthier climate of Japan he would rally. Such, however, was not the case. Despite the attentions of his family, and the skill of the medical officers attached to the men-of-war in the harbour, he rapidly sank, and at length, as we have said, died. His funeral took place on the following day, and was attended by almost every foreigner in Nagasaki. The coffin was borne by the sailors of the merchant ships, and was lowered into the grave by four of his old Shanghai friends. All the ships in port kept their flags at half-mast from 8 A.M. until after the funeral, and regret was universally expressed, not only by those who knew him personally, but by those who knew by report of his skill and tenderness to his European

patients, as well as of the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to the troublesome and ill-requited work of the Chinese Hospital."

The nineteenth annual meeting of the friends of the Chinese Hospital was held on February 3rd 1866, C. A. Winchester, Esq., H.B.M. Consul, in the Chair.

After some prefatory remarks, the Chairman said—"He must allude to the untimely death of Dr James Henderson, which had inflicted so serious, and indeed he might say irreparable a loss, not only on the hospital but upon the whole community. He (the Chairman) had not had the pleasure of Dr Henderson's acquaintance, but Dr Henderson was well known by reputation, and all with whom he had come in contact were unanimous in their expressions of regret at his decease."

Allusion having been made in Dr Johnston's Report to the severe loss which the hospital had sustained in the death of Dr James Henderson, it was proposed by the Rev. C. H. Butcher, seconded by Mr Thorne, and carried unanimously:—"That this meeting desires to record its deep sense of the loss sustained through the death of Dr Henderson, and its high appreciation of the value of his services."

The Report of the Directors of the Edinburgh Medical-Missionary Society contains the following kind allusion:—"We must advert here to one event which cannot fail to sadden many hearts,—the death of Dr James Henderson, of Shanghai, in whom the

Society has always taken a warm interest. Early called to struggle with gigantic difficulties, which to most men would have appeared insurmountable, he steadily worked his way to the attainment of his diploma and degree in medicine, and was then very speedily appointed surgeon of the Chinese Hospital at Shanghai, as successor to Dr Hobson, now in this country, who so greatly distinguished himself as a medical missionary, and as the author of numerous scientific works in the Chinese language. After performing the very onerous duties of his position with great energy for the better part of five years, Dr Henderson was laid aside by an attack of typhoid fever a few weeks before his death. His convalescence being very slow, he was sent to Japan for change of air; but he received no benefit from the voyage, and soon after his arrival at Nagasaki sunk, and died on the 30th of July. His end was eminently peaceful. Your Directors feel that by this sad and solemn event, a fresh summons is addressed to all of us to work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh, when no man can work."

The following extract from the *Banffshire Journal*, after quoting from the China papers, thus concludes,—"A gentleman resident in Shanghai for the last few years, and who was on terms of intimacy with the late Dr Henderson, writing to his brother in Peterhead by last mail, says of him—'That man I trusted, and would sooner have placed my life in his hands than any other man I know. His loss will be severely

felt; we have no man in Shanghai with the same disposition and abilities; the enormous labour he went through daily was wonderful. The Chinese will miss him sadly. Many a poor Chinaman and woman has he assisted; as he passed them at times, so much would some of them wish him to notice them that I have seen them beating their brow on the ground and kneeling to him.'"

These notices, taken from several sources, are a sample of the feeling excited generally by the tidings of Dr Henderson's removal. The following extracts from private letters show how deep and tender was that feeling amongst those who knew and loved him personally. The first is from Miss Fay, who undertook the care of the Chinese orphan boys:—

"I am very glad to hear that the committee have decided that I may take your orphan boys. Nothing could give me more pleasure in my missionary work than to feel that I was carrying out any plan of usefulness devised and commenced by your dear and excellent husband, who was always so kind, so wise, and so judicious in all his varied and manifold labours amongst the Chinese.

"How mysterious are the ways of our heavenly Father, and what an irreparable loss is your sainted husband, not only to the community here, but pre-eminently to the Chinese, who looked up to him as the kindest of friends and best of benefactors; his loss as a medical missionary will, I fear, never be made up to Shanghai.

"How well I remember him in our missionary meetings, even before you came to Shanghai; we were all so struck with his zeal, and the practical good sense with which he spoke of his future plans for usefulness. I had always a strong wish that the temporal comforts of the Chinese should be ministered to as well as their spiritual, and I used to listen to Dr Henderson's plans for hospitals, curing the blind, &c., almost breathlessly. I could have clapped him and cheered him, and exclaimed,—A prophet of the Lord! This is surely one sent from God to bring health and joy to the poor Chinese. Alas! alas! that such hopes should have been so soon blighted; and yet, short as was that precious life, he did begin a good work, the influence of which will live for ever, and for ever brighten that unfading crown of glory which will be his throughout the countless ages of eternity. I must not dwell too much on our loss to you whose grief is so far beyond our own. To us, the sadness, the sorrow we feel for his early death is softened by the remembrance of his bright career here, and his perfect bliss in that world beyond the grave, and his memory is to us, 'yet one more image on the heart to dwell beautiful in holiness.' But we miss not his home life, his home smile, nor the sweet endearments lavished upon the objects of his fond love. I can however imagine the desolateness of the home now. May our heavenly Father comfort you, as I know He does."

The following letter from R. A. Jamieson, Esq., one of Dr Henderson's literary friends, shows the impression which was made by his character on those who had perfect sympathy with him in his professional pursuits:—

"Apart from all considerations of private esteem and friendship, and leaving out of consideration for a moment the loss sustained by the entire foreign and native community of Shanghai by the removal of one so highly skilled in his profession, the missionaries of the London Society, as well as those of other bodies both English and American, had especial reason to bewail Dr Henderson's death. He never left out of view his connexion with the work of evangelisation; and thus the resident missionaries and their families found that he held their claims to his attention paramount even when the growing necessities of the settlement, and the demands constantly made upon his well-known skill by persons in mercantile life, had withdrawn him from the seclusion of his hospital. I could not do justice to the silent influence for good that he exerted by his consistent Christian walk. So far, however, as an outsider may judge of his merits as a medical missionary, he was eminently qualified for his post, and did much to dissipate a prejudice which (whether well founded or not) had arisen among the general public against missionaries and mission work. He did, however, much more than this. 'The Chinese Hospital' was a means of bringing the native sick under religious

instruction; it was also designed to mitigate suffering; but these objects once attained there remained another, secondary although most important object, which it had to serve. It was a school wherein the attendant physician was a student, and whence it was his duty to draw information regarding the peculiarities of disease in China, and the conditions of health in that treacherous climate. In a word, it afforded an opportunity of extending to China the theories of climatic hygiene, which, based on investigations in Europe, the West Indies, America, and India, needed only an accurate observer in China to prove their universal applicability. To this task Dr Henderson set himself, bringing to it not only the means of scientific analysis which are the common property of the profession, but a mind naturally penetrating and reflective, fitted at once to observe isolated facts, and from them to evolve general laws. The fruit of his inquiries is found in his 'Shanghai Hygiene,' a work of practical value to the medical men in Shanghai as well as to the community at large, for whose benefit it was originally published. Doubtless, had his life been spared he would have extended his researches, and thus have enlarged his contributions to medical science. It was not to be; but the seed he has sown is not only highly valuable in itself, but will of necessity reach its highest development under hands taught by his example to labour in this sphere of scientific investigation. If the native residents in Shanghai have learned to lay aside very many of their pre-

judices against foreigners, that all-important end has been in a great measure attained through the instrumentality of the native hospital, which owes its present flourishing condition to the care and attention which Dr Henderson unceasingly devoted to it. Few foreigners have gained so thorough an appreciation of the good points of the Chinese character as he possessed. His heart as well as his mind was in the work, and thus the love and confidence of the natives were gained, while the interests of science were day by day advanced.

"Statistics give but a faint idea of the amount of good done through the means of the hospital, as they cannot represent the influence exerted, not only upon each patient, but upon the circle of his relatives and friends. Labouring so far from the centres of professional knowledge and of intelligent appreciation, Dr Henderson's claims to consideration will, I fear, never be fully acknowledged. His best and truest reward lies in the love wherewith his memory is cherished by those who knew him most intimately."

"The death of Dr Henderson," writes an officer in the army, "has been a great blow to us all, for while quartered in Shanghai we saw a great deal of him.

"It was my privilege to be a constant guest at his table, and never shall I forget the evenings thus spent. Sunday evenings in particular were looked forward to with special pleasure, as they were devoted

to a Bible class, which met at his house, and which some of my brother-officers attended with me.

"The Doctor had a peculiarly happy way of simplifying an apparently abstruse and difficult subject, and his thorough realisation of the grand truths of Christianity had a most encouraging effect upon his younger friends. He loved to invite and welcome young men to his home, for he well knew the dangers and temptations of youth, especially in China; and only those who, like myself, were on intimate terms with him can realise the good influence he thus exercised. I well remember calling upon him one evening, feeling depressed and disheartened, we sat talking together for an hour or two, and he gave me much encouragement and comfort. He spoke much of the necessity of going to our heavenly Father with all our troubles, and casting our cares upon Him; and when I rose to go, he accompanied me to the outer gate, and with a warm pressure of the hand said, 'Good-night, we will go to sleep trusting, with our minds stayed on Him.' It was said with such simple confidence that it greatly impressed me with a practical sense of the passages of which we had been speaking, and the circumstance will ever live in my recollection.

"Like the Master he so much loved, he 'went about doing good;' and very many can remember how cheered they felt when, prostrated and enfeebled by disease, the skilful physician and faithful friend was announced; and how, while ministering to their physical ailments, he in his kind and gentle way spoke of

that time when 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain,' for the 'former things shall have passed away.'"

The three following letters are from friends in the settlement.

"I believe I had the privilege of being one of the first, if not the first, of your dear husband's Shanghai friends in the mercantile community; and up to the time of his leaving for England and my going up the river we were very warm friends, and he took great interest in my success.

"At one time I was much concerned about my future, and failing in confidence; and I remember so well in his little study there, his reading to me of the lilies, how they toil and spin not, and of the sparrows not falling to the ground without our Father's watchful care over them; and the memory of the comfort and encouragement I derived from my friendship with him at that particular time can never be erased.

"I used also to take great interest in his hospital work, and was frequently with him seeing the patients, and listening to his lucid explanations and remarks upon their various complaints. It ought to be a great consolation to you to know that he accomplished so much good and relieved so much suffering in his short life. . . . I trust your reflections may be hallowed by the thought that he was a good man; and your grief softened by the sympathies of his friends, your

knowledge of what he did, and the honour he gained by an earnest, self-denying life."

"It is our privilege and duty 'not to sorrow as those who have no hope,' and you of all others best know how manifold were the tokens given by our dear friend—that having such hope in him, he humbly and earnestly, though unostentatiously, sought to purify himself even as Christ is pure. You know, because he could not so conceal it from you as from others, what a number of hearts as well as bodies he relieved, uninfluenced by those rewards which are the sole object of the worldling. You know how far beyond the path prescribed to his profession by custom he went, in watching through weary nights in cheerless homes by the sick-bed, and ministering to the patient's soul as well as to the body. And you must have learnt, to some extent, how very much his stated labours in the hospital did to commend, alike to foreigners and Chinese, the noble cause in connexion with which his life has at length been offered up in the mid-time of his days. And when I look back upon a year of painful and dangerous sickness, aggravated by commercial disaster; when I recall the well-known footstep so eagerly longed for, the cheering voice so reassuring, the mingled mildness and firmness of his treatment, the generous way in which my sensitiveness was set at rest as to the means of acknowledging his services; when I think how often hours and half-hours of his time were spent in addition to

what medical treatment required, in cheering the dulness of my sick-room by words of mirth and wisdom; and when I reflect that the bright eye is closed, the mouth silent, and the noble heart still, be assured that I do, at a distance but very earnestly, enter into your griefs and your consolations."

"I can scarcely realise the whole thing yet. The breaking up of that dear home will be the greatest blank that could come over me in Shanghai. You scarcely know the good he did by bringing within our reach the pleasure of a fireside in this heathen place."

From the Rev. C. M. Williams of Nagasaki.

"I shall highly prize the book as a memento of your dear husband. The remembrance of the few hours I was permitted to spend by his sick-bed will ever be precious to me; and the lessons of trust in God and perfect resignation to His holy will that I have learnt from him in the midst of suffering, will, I trust, never be forgotten."

From Dr Johnston to Dr Henderson's mother-in-law.

"The Doctor was one of my dearest friends, and I valued highly the intimacy I was privileged in having with one so good, so tender-hearted, so warm, so genial in all his intercourse with those around him; I feel that I have lost a brother. Brief and meteoric almost as has been the dear Doctor's career, he will

leave behind him no transient impression, but stand out clear and noble and lasting, even in this remote part of the earth. I cannot tell you how much he was loved and valued by this community; we were comparatively unaware of such a strong feeling, till he was suddenly snatched away from us. You will, I am sure, derive much comfort from the description of his inexhaustible gentleness and patience during his illness, more especially his triumphant end, bright and beaming,—his last look directed heavenward as the gentle spirit took its flight to regions of light.

"I have now to begin a very painful topic; my heart bleeds to think of it. Darling 'Daisy,' her mother's little 'ewe-lamb,' is very ill—I fear sick unto death. The sweet little babe is suffering from acute hydrocephalus. The issue is in God's hands; but I feel despairing about her. The disease has made some progress, for she has been ill six days. She does not suffer much, but every day the little form becomes more attenuated, and her little face seems smaller. She is tenderly cared for, and Dr Thin is watching the case with me."

Four days after this letter was penned, the darling "Daisy" was gathered to her Saviour's arms. Very lovely she was in death, the strong likeness to her beloved father being even more apparent than during her sweet brief life. As she lay in her tiny coffin with a fair white lily in her hand, looking just like a saint of old, on the anniversary of the day when, three years before, her father landed the second time in China,

it was sweet to be able to realise his blessedness with his beloved ones, to think of hopes fulfilled and joys made perfect; of his gladness in the House of many mansions; of the fulfilment of his words written four years before, "I SHALL YET OCCUPY A THRONE AND WEAR A CROWN IN MY LORD'S KINGDOM. NOTHING IS MORE SURE."

LAST CHRISTMAS.

A noble heart beside me
Cheering my way,
Sweet eyes that shone upon me,
From day to day.
A tender voice to soothe me,
In gentlest tone,
A strong arm ever round me
To bear me on.

A little face to nestle
Upon my breast;
A tiny dove to cherish,
And sing to rest.
Soft hair in rings so golden
To smooth and kiss;
And thanks to give my Father
For so much bliss.

THIS CHRISTMAS.

The noble heart rejoicing
In heavenly light,
Sweet eyes with perfect rapture
Shining so bright.
Dear voice so high uplifted
Praising the Lord;
All powers of soul and spirit,
Doing His word.

My baby calmly lying
On Jesus' breast;
My dove so surely guarded,
From all unrest.
And though this Christmas season
Their love I miss,
I still have thanks to render
For all their bliss. 1865.

THE END.

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